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BORN NOV. 27, 1833.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE, DUCHESS OF TECK.

DIED OCT. 27, 1897.

From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Someone has ventured to ask in a daily journal whether anyone has ever been known to cheat at golf. People do things at cricket which, if one is to believe the newspapers, are not exactly right. I am unable to follow it myself, but it seems generally connected with "following on." As to croquet, so far as I have observed, nobody ever hesitates at anything if he finds his ball getting behindhand. But at golf, so wholesome, so gentlemanly, so free from pecuniary speculation, is it possible there lives a man with soul so dead who ever to himself has said "Five" (for example) when he ought to have said "Six," or removed some natural obstacle that lay in the way of a "straight put," when nobody was looking? The subject is too shocking for the novelist, or one might suggest to a person engaged in that occupation an original plot of great dramatic interest. "The Temptation of a Moment" would be a good name for it. Picture a young gentleman of birth and rank, the soul of honour, and very beautiful, engaged in a golfing tournament, and very desirous of winning it. Alone with his caddie, in a hollow of the links, and out of sight of his competitor, he misses his ball! He utters a frightful execration, but omits to count the miss, and wins the match by the omission. He had taken six strokes instead of five. From that moment he is a lost man; he is blackmailed by the caddie!

This would also make a first-class melodrama, with fine scenic effects. "The Pavilion on the Links." (Stevenson has taken this title for one of his tales, but that is another story.) The two competitors are also rivals for the hand of the same young person. She weds the loser in spite of his humiliating position, so that the prize, to the winner's morbid mind, seems to have been stolen in vain. After being blackmailed to his last penny, he finds temporary relief in killing the caddie (with the "iron") and burying him in the sand. "The Links by Moonlight" (showing him at it). Eventually he dies repentant, with his rival (to whom he has transferred the champion prize, a tea-caddie) bending over his couch to catch his last utterance—"Six." Deeply touched by the admission (which he understands at once), the other confesses that in the previous round he, too, had committed an irregularity. "When you lost your ball, and the hole in consequence, I had picked it up and put it in my pocket." A smile illuminates the countenance of the dying man. "Six of one," he murmurs, "and half a dozen of the other." An excellent "tag" for the finish.

Do people cheat at chess? is probably the next question that will be asked. As it is never played for gain, those who do so must have a natural tendency for cheating, as Mr. Winkle was supposed to have for perjury. There are, indeed, international matches with money prizes, but no suspicion of foul play was ever attached to them. Perhaps it is the presence of the Bishops which has kept the game so pure. At Rugby, doubtless for the same reason, it is even permitted to be played upon a Sunday. In a recent correspondence in the newspapers it is much recommended for our boys. From a parent's point of view, this is natural enough, because nothing keeps them so quiet; but a boy who likes chess is always quiet. Great expectations have been formed of it as an educational agent, but nothing very important has yet resulted from its pursuit. No one has ever said of Waterloo that it was won on the chess-boards of Elton; yet if Kriegspiel—a sort of "autumn manoeuvres"—is good military training, so ought chess to be; nor should it be forgotten that from this ancient pastime we get the title of the most welcome specimen of literature in the world—a cheque.

There is a certain nobility about chess which pertains to no other game. It is the oldest game in the world, said to have been invented to remind an Eastern tyrant that Kings are indebted for their safety to the humblest of their subjects. It is in no degree dependent on popularity, and seems to despise it. It is difficult to imagine a great player otherwise than at least respectable; he gives the impression (while at work) of being a Stoic philosopher. It is impossible to imagine him running away with anybody's wife, or doing anything "not on the square." The immense importance he attaches to the game is inconceivable to an outsider. He moves as though his "moves were death" (as was said of "Captain Sword"). Seneca relates a curious story illustrative of this. One Canius Julius is playing at chess, when a centurion, with a troop of men condemned to death, comes up and reminds him that he has to join them. Not having finished, he rose and said sternly to his opponent, "Beware when I am dead that thou beliest me not, and say thou hast won the game." Then bowing to the centurion, he added, "Bear me witness that I have the advantage by one." I suppose one piece.

Mrs. Catherine Coombe, late "Charley Wilson," may now, I hope, be considered provided for, since both sexes have taken up her cause, and work has been found for her. It is what is generally considered as man's work—namely, house-painting, but equally suitable for a woman. If she knew how to express herself she would do better at an

autobiography, but it is quite curious how incapable persons of her class who have been placed in really dramatic situations are of making use of them in narration. Adventures may be to the adventurous, but they are often wasted on them. The peculiarity of "Charley's" experience is the extent of it. Forty-three years she has lived as a man, so that it is probable more than half her life will have been passed as it were under false pretences, and in an artificial state of existence. Even from the first, when as a young wife she exchanged her sex to escape from a brutal husband, she never seems to have excited suspicion. This is quite contrary to general experience under similar circumstances. It has sometimes been even found necessary for the lady to assert her manhood by force of arms, as in the well-known case of Dr. X, who, when rallied upon his effeminate appearance, promptly called the offender out and winged him, which caused his secret to remain unsuspected to the end of his days. It is much easier for women masquerading as men to do so in the circles in which Dr. X moved than in the class of life adopted by Mrs. Coombe, in which there is less delicacy and reticence. Nor had she any masculine appearance such as might originally have suggested such a disguise. This was also the case with Mary Anne Talbot, *alias* Taylor, her most famous rival, and the heroine of the well-known ballad, "Billy Taylor," who followed her love to sea among the tenants of the fore-castle—

And all bedaubed her hands and face, Sir,
With their nasty pitch and tar.

The rôle of the cabin-boy, however, made her task a comparatively easy one, whereas Mrs. Coombe had no such gradual introduction to her new life. Upon the whole, she seems to have acquitted herself with great cleverness and discretion. It is rather curious, considering the shifts to which men have been put, that the case of the Chevalier d'Eon is the only one recorded in which, for any length of time at least, a man has passed himself off as a woman. His life was a very remarkable one: a diplomatist entrusted with Court secrets (the knowledge of which, according to his own account, made his disguise compulsory); a soldier of some distinction; and a person of considerable literary taste. The proceeds of the sale by Christie of his valuable library smoothed his last days. Yet from all his versatility mankind has learnt nothing, not even what the ladies talk about in the drawing-room before we join them after dinner.

The delicacy of religious scruples, though the subject of abstract admiration, has been an occasion of much inconvenience. How often has the clock been put back in the house of the unconscious Sabbatarian in order that the rubber may be finished (apparently) within the limits of the lawful day! But in the East the conscience is still more tender. To kill a cow, even by accident, is to risk a rebellion among millions of our fellow-subjects in India. Sometimes one cannot help thinking that the divinity that hedges a cow is a little artificial. If the element of humour could once be introduced into the Hindu mind, the whole edifice of superstition, including caste, would probably be swept away. As a branch of missionary enterprise, humour has hitherto been entirely neglected. The reflection recurs to one from the late behaviour of the King of Siam. In his country, cows are sacred animals, and on his arrival in Spain all reference to the national pastime (?) of the country was rigorously kept from his ears by the Government. What he had really come for, however, was, it seems, to see a bull-fight. "Our holy religion," he explained, "only forbids the slaughter of cows." This is running a scruple as fine as it has yet been run by anybody.

Somehow or other one is inclined to regard newspaper paragraphs about "links with the past" with a certain incredulity. The survivor of Waterloo has, we believe, finally withdrawn from the public eye, but he made so many last appearances that we began to think him immortal. With an equally long-lived father he might have almost rivalled, in historical connection, the well-known Mr. Jenkins, whose grandpapa gleaned arrows at the battle of Flodden. Yet now and then one gets a link that is really genuine. Apropos of the recent centenary of the battle of Camperdown, Dr. Farquhar, of Burbage, Marlborough, writes: "Here am I, and my little daughter (*etat*, four and a half) bridging a century in the commemoration. To understand the possibility of it, you must know that my father was only seventeen on the day of the fight and was sixty-four when I was born." If the young lady becomes an old one she will be a link with the past indeed!

We have heard more than once of the return of a wedding present as being the climax of a social quarrel in high life. This has recently been taken as a model by a lady moving in comparatively humble circles in a London suburb. A son married and lived next door to his mother, whose wedding present was a dinner service. The two ladies fell out with one another, and the younger, to divest herself of any sense of obligation, as well as to express her dislike of her relative, threw every article of that dinner service over the garden wall. She did not do it at once, but day by day, as though she were prolonging a pleasure. First the plates and then the dishes, and at last, and as a grand

finale—such as is generally confined to fireworks—the soup-tureen. Though "mistress of herself when china fell," to a certain extent, the mother-in-law could not stand *that*, and laid her wrongs before a magistrate; but he could do nothing for her. The soup-tureen was no longer hers, he said, though it once had "cost her a pretty penny."

The invention of new "ologies" seems to slacken a little, but in compensation I notice that an old one has been resuscitated—Phrenology. I can remember when it was quite a common thing for parents to place their children's heads in the hands of professors of this art, with a view to their future callings. It was even at one time supposed that good bumps could be encouraged and dispositions elevated by mechanical means, if the patient were caught young enough. No attempt was made to improve me in that way, but phrenological prophecies were not wanting as to my future greatness. One of these I still retain. "This youth," it said, "is of a strong scientific turn of mind. His forte should be engineering, and his speciality the building of bridges. I am much mistaken if a remarkable career is not open to him in this direction." The prophet was a stout man, and as I listened I seemed to see what happened to him when crossing a bridge of my construction.

Mr. Hall Caine's head has been also examined, but at a later period of life, when the phrenologist has had something to go upon; he could hardly have recommended *him* to take up with engineering, but his pessimism is, it seems, apparent from his cranial development. "His regions of imagination, of artistic taste, of moral feeling, are all larger than that of reason. He has moral centrality, not intellectual centrality." What amazing language! It seems beyond ordinary persons to give practical effect to a science that expresses itself so obscurely. But it is not so in Chicago. There they have a Human Nature Club, which is "organising marriages bent on mentality rather than the emotions." A phrenologist makes studies of the heads of the members, and assimilates their bumps and depressions.

Not a day now passes in England but somewhere some young fellow starts from a comfortable home for unknown lands, to make the living there which he cannot earn in his own country—

All the gates are thronged with suitors,
All the markets overflow,

and he must needs seek the means of existence elsewhere. He does not commonly put the matter to himself in this crude form. Full of youth and hope, it seems to him that it will be no very difficult matter to "make his pile" in lands across the seas, whence he will return to repay the old folks ten times over for the sacrifices they have made for him. The parting is a sad one; for the moment Master Tom secretly envies the old servants to whom he is bidding good-bye, and who will end their days in the haunts he loves so well. But he has always been fond of an outdoor life, and if he has not much experience he will soon learn it; and he will write home once a month and tell them how well he is getting on. He does write half a dozen times or so, and then, at longer intervals, in a vague and doubtful fashion, and presently there is silence, except that his remittances are acknowledged. No doubt (his people think) Tom is getting rich, and has promised himself a surprise for them; whereas the fact is that he has failed and gone under, but is too proud to acknowledge it. His very remittances are mortgaged. This is the history of half our young gentlemen emigrants; and that of one of them, Trevor Johns, is admirably described in "One of the Broken Brigade." He is plucky, he is hard-working, also trustful and easy-going; but he finds in British Columbia as heartless rogues as he left at home. His friends from the Old Country come out to Vancouver Island, ostensibly for a summer holiday, but partly to find out how he is getting on; and the discovery is pathetic indeed. Later on, the hero joins the mounted police, and has many exciting adventures—one of them rather unusual for a policeman: the coach in which he is travelling is stopped by road-agents. "Hold up there!" are but three little words, but brave men have trembled at them in every State in the Union—

The whole success of a road-agent depends upon one well-understood rule—he never makes a threat which he is not prepared to carry out. Once he has the drop on you, his orders are "Hands up," and they must go up without hesitation, or the least little contraction of the muscles of his forehead will send you to kingdom come. His life or yours is the stake on the table, and he knows it; and there is no man alive to-day so quick that his hand could reach his hip-pocket before a man "having the drop" could press the trigger. It is easy enough when you are not held up to talk of what you would do if you were; when you are held up you must submit to the ignominy of holding up your hands like other people or you must die, and it hardly seems worth while, when the time comes, to die for a roll of greasy bank-notes.

The book is full of interest, but its chief value will be the lesson it affords to those who go forth with a light heart to far-away lands under the impression that prudence and caution are not as necessary safeguards there as they are at home. A country may be sparsely inhabited, and yet have its full allowance of rogues. The Broken Brigade would not exist if its members were not so ignorant of the traps that are set for their special accommodation.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

The army of General Sir William Lockhart, according to our latest news on Wednesday morning, was encamped at Karappa and Khangarbur, on the north side of the Khanki Valley, and in the Orakzai hills south of Tirah, the hill country occupied in great force by the Afridis, to which it must force its way, probably by a fierce conflict, over the Sampagha Pass. From Khangarbur to the Sampagha Pass, in a direct line, is not over seven or eight miles, so that when the advance begins the decisive battle may be expected next day. The Afridi clans muster about twenty thousand well-armed fighting men, whose defensive position has been strengthened by constructing "sangars" or ramparts of loose stones, and by digging rifle-pits; both they and the Orakzais are expert marksmen, and have plenty of ammunition. In the fighting at Dargai, when the British Indian army entered the Khanki Valley, over the Samana hills from Shinowrie, on Oct. 20, we had 195 officers and men killed or wounded, some of the Dorsetshire and Derbyshire Regiments, the Gordon Highlanders, the 3rd Sikhs, and the 2nd Gurkhas. The Sketches received from our military correspondents, engraved for this number of our Journal, are those of scenes during the occupation of Shinowrie, which is a few miles south-west of Fort Lockhart. We shall no doubt be furnished with illustrations of the more recent advance into the enemy's highland country; Tirah is the main objective point of this campaign.

ADVANCE
IN THE
SUDAN.

Our illustration of the "Dilluka" or triumphal war-dance of the "black" native soldiers of one of the Soudanese regiments of the Egyptian Army, when they entered the town of Berber, is of much interest. That town, situated on the Nile above the notable cataracts which impede navigation on the great river, and not far below the junction of its main tributary, the Atbara, which flows from the Abyssinian highlands, is the proper approach to Khartoum, and is also at the nearest point for communication with the maritime port of Suakin, on the Red Sea coast. Its possession is thus of the greatest importance to Egyptian dominion and commerce in the Soudan. The railway already constructed from Korosko, below Wady Halfa, across the Nubian Desert southward to Abu Hamed, which will hereafter be the direct route of trade, is now to be extended from Abu Hamed to Berber. General Sir Herbert Kitchener, the Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief, with his staff, has taken up his quarters at Berber, which is the only place in the Soudan deserving to be called a town since Khartoum was ruined and abandoned. It is a large town, standing about one mile from the present actual bank of the river; a broad street, with well-built and commodious houses, runs through its middle; the population, a mixture of different Soudanese tribes, with Arabs and a few Europeans, are peaceable and industrious, practising various handicrafts, especially in wood and leather, and there is a good market for grain and vegetable food. The fortifications on the river-bank and the fort at the south end of the town erected fifteen years ago by the Mahdi's lieutenants still

remain, but the former Governor's house, occasionally used by General Gordon, is in ruins, and the Sirdar now inhabits the house of the chief merchant at Berber. An Egyptian military post has been established at the Atbara, where General Hunter is driving away the bands of hostile mounted Dervishes hovering around, while the gun-boats, under Captain Keppel, have gone up the river and shelled the enemy's forts. There will, however, be some necessary delay before the next further advance towards Shendi and Metammeh.

BABIES AT THE "ZOO."

To be born in the "Zoo" may seem to be a hard fate for an animal; nevertheless the beasts—barring, perhaps, giraffes—do not seem to resent the locality, and the climate of Regent's Park seems to be equally acceptable to animals whose natural birthplace is an ice-floe and to those which bask in tepid water to avoid a baking sun. A young hyena and a young zebra are now the daily delight of young Britishers, and are quite as much at home as is the Charley calf among the specimens of our own British wild

As to the literature of the new work, there may, doubtless, be two opinions upon its merits. In the choice of a story, Lord Lorne has selected one which, at all events, gives him an opportunity of introducing a number of exciting and dramatic episodes. Wars, rumours of wars, visions of immortals, fairy dances, gnomie appearances, set battles, love, jealousy, hatred, and death—here is a brief summary of the material out of which the romance is woven. Diarmid is the Celtic hero of fame whose deeds have already been celebrated by many minor poets of these islands. According to the new version of his gallant deeds, he saves King Fionn from his enemies by the magic strength with which he has been inspired, and by his equally magic allurements attracts the love of Fionn's Queen. He loves in return; and in the manner of Tristan and Isolde, the lovers are found by the King while out a-hunting. Diarmid, like Achilles, is invulnerable in all save the soles of his feet, and the King bids him measure a slain boar with his naked feet. The poisoned bristles of the creature pierce him, and he dies while Fionn mocks him in his death-throes. The actual

writing of this somewhat epical story need not be described as a masterpiece. There are ideas in it, but the author has not, perhaps, completely mastered the technique of his trade.

Mr. Hamish MacCunn, on the other hand, has mastered the technique of his share in the business with amazing completeness. His fluency is overwhelming, and never on any occasion fails him. Moreover, it is a fluency which never degenerates into the utterance of commonplace twaddle, after the fashion of most fluency, literary and musical. Mr. MacCunn, it is true, is sometimes crabbed, and sometimes avoids with great presence of mind the haunts of beauty; but he is never silly or vapid. On the other hand, in this latest work of his, he shows very often the firm grasp, the strong, sweeping inspiration, the confidence and imperturbability of the real musician rejoicing in his art. Take, for example, the early



THE LATE DUCHESS OF TECK AS A CHILD.

From the Picture by Sir E. Landseer, R.A.—By Permission of Henry Graves and Co., the Owners of the Copyright.

SEE NEXT PAGE.

cattle. The young elephant bears the name of "Dr. Jim," and has, under cover of his friendly trunk, a remarkably well-developed tusk. He has also a wonderfully good appetite for buns, gallantly handed to him at the points of parasols and umbrellas. When he is out of the nursery he may be able to manage an umbrella too, as one of his neighbours did, and was none the worse for the rather unsuccessful meal.

THE NEW OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

On Saturday night last week the Carl Rosa Company distinguished itself by the production at Covent Garden of an entirely new work in the shape of an opera called "Diarmid," written by the Marquis of Lorne and composed by Mr. Hamish MacCunn. So far as applause and even enthusiasm went, the event, let it be said at once, was entirely successful. After the third act the composer was repeatedly called before the audience, and the writer had perforce to make his acknowledgments from the royal box, while at the close of the performance both composer and author appeared on the stage to make their bows. Moreover, we make no doubt that the opera will have considerable provincial success.

choruses of the first act, the Scottish battle-chorus of the second act, and the great love-duet of the third act; these are all examples, and excellent examples, of the qualities that have been mentioned, and they go far to make a real musical success of the opera. It is true that Mr. MacCunn is excessively Wagnerian in his methods, and that his use of the chromatic scale is at times almost irritating in its persistency; but his model might, after all, be worse, and of his real originality there can be no reasonable doubt.

The singing of the principal parts was, on the whole, exceedingly good, the acting not so good, if in this respect particular exception be made of Mr. Brozel and Miss Kirkby Lunn. Mr. Charles Tilbury was a sufficiently pompous King Eragon, and Mr. Maggi's King Fionn was, at all events, in earnest. The mounting was extremely good, and the choruses were obviously a little handicapped by the elaboration and great difficulty of their music. Mr. Hamish MacCunn himself conducted with extraordinary coolness and self-possession before a brilliant audience, which included many members of the royal family. "Tannhauser," "Faust," "The Bohemian Girl," and "Diarmid," have brought the present season to a close.

THE DEATH OF H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

We greatly regret to have to announce the death of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck, which occurred at three o'clock on Wednesday morning, Oct. 27, at her residence, the White Lodge, Richmond. The Duchess had suffered from a serious and painful illness, but it was hoped that the operation which she had undergone in May would enable her to continue for many years the useful life which had made her endeared from girlhood to the nation at large.

The Duchess of Teck was one of the three oldest relations of the Queen, and her pedigree seems to take us back a long way in our history. George III. left nine sons. The fourth of them became the father of the Queen, while Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, was the seventh. He was born in 1774, and married, in 1818, her Serene Highness Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa, Princess of Hesse, and youngest daughter of Frederick, Landgraf of Hesse-Cassel. There were three children of the marriage—namely, the present Duke of Cambridge, who was born in 1819; Princess Augusta, now the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; and Princess Mary Adelaide Wilhelmina-Elizabeth, born at Hanover on Nov. 27, 1833.

Princess Mary of Cambridge, as she was known for many years, even after her marriage, had, by the singular force of her character, by her great good-humour, and by her tact, become one of the most popular royalties. As a subsidiary member of the royal family, she had for many years a most difficult position to maintain, and yet she succeeded under the trying difficulties in making herself popular with everybody. For a long time it was thought she would not marry. At last, however, at the somewhat mature age of thirty-three, the Princess married his Highness Francis Paul Charles Louis Alexander, Prince and Duke of Teck, her junior by some four years. The Tecks belong to a very old family indeed, the title dating from the eleventh century. The first Duke known to history died in 1078, and the line which he represented came to an end in 1432. At the end of that century Eberhardt, Count of Württemberg, whose house ranks second only to that of the Hohenzollerns in virtue and ability, made such a name for himself that the Emperor Maximilian gave him the title of Duke of Teck (in 1495), and his line has flourished ever since. The Duke, at the beginning of the present century, became King of Württemberg. His brother, Duke Ludwig, had a son Alexander, who became a General of Austrian Cavalry, and who married, in 1835, the Countess Claudine of Rheday de Kis-Rhède, by whom he had Francis, born in 1837, besides several daughters. This Francis succeeded to the title of Duke of Teck, and, as noted, he married Princess Mary. The wedding took

and she was brought in by her brother, the Duke of Cambridge; while the bridegroom, wearing a blue coat with a white rose in his buttonhole, walked in with Count Apponyi, the Austrian Ambassador. There were four bridesmaids—Lady Cornelia Churchill, Lady Georgiana Hamilton, Lady Agneta Yorke, and Lady Cecilia Molyneux. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester officiated, and the Queen stood beside the bride when the Duke of Cambridge gave her away. There were four children of the marriage, three sons and a daughter. The eldest, Princess Victoria Mary, was born on May 26, 1867. A son, Prince Adolphus, who is now a Captain in the 1st Life Guards, was born in August 1868, and married Lady Margaret Grosvenor, daughter of the Duke of Westminster. Prince Francis, who is a Captain in the 1st Dragoons, was born in 1870; and Prince Alexander, who is a Lieutenant in the 7th Hussars, was born in 1874.

Parliament recognised the marriage by granting the Tecks an annuity of £5000, but it was not until the marriage of Princess "May," as their only daughter had come to be affectionately known, that they emerged into public notice again to any extent. The Duchess herself, it is true, had been perpetually in request for every sort of charitable movement, but for many years she lived very quietly. The young Tecks were brought up under the strictest and most salutary conditions of plain living. Princess May almost inevitably followed her mother's methods; though, like that other Victoria who was also born at Kensington Palace, she was destined to occupy the highest position in our royal family. She was always on the most affectionate terms with the Prince of Wales's family, and when her engagement to the Duke of Clarence was announced the whole country welcomed the possibility of an English-bred Princess coming to the Throne. Then the young Duke died, and the nation's hope seemed for a time lost, though it was ultimately fulfilled when Prince George took his kinswoman to wife on July 6, 1893. By that event the Tecks were at once lifted into the very front rank of royalty. The Duke of Teck was created a Royal Highness, and at the age of sixty Princess Mary of Cambridge attained the position which the force of circumstances had denied her all her life.

The Duchess of Teck had always appeared to be the ideal woman of domesticity, gladly merging all her own sense of social importance in the duties that lay upon her as wife and mother, the wife of a soldier, and the mother of a Queen. Her pleasant appearance, and the buxom figure, which bore out somewhat the good-nature of the face, were, on all fit occasions, the only needed signals for a hearty cheer from the subjects of her illustrious cousin. To those who formed her household, and, indeed, to all who had admittance to the White Lodge at Richmond; or, in earlier days, to Kensington Palace, these characteristics were so familiar as to need no mention—they were taken for granted. There was no secret about her affections. The Duke of Teck, even during the Egyptian campaign, could hardly keep the constant solicitude of his wife from being a matter of common remark among his brother officers; and the constant interchange of letters, on all possible and impossible occasions, was a subject of some banter, behind which was the grave homage which conjugal fidelity will always extort from Englishmen.

It may not be generally known that one of the ambitions of the Duchess of Teck in early life was to be a nurse—a nurse in hospitals. To a friend not long ago she lamented that etiquette had made her young dream go the way which young dreams generally do go. Her one consolation was that perhaps, had she entered the nursing profession, she might have been out of the way of the marriage which later filled her life, and gave her a career for which she was eminently fitted. Nor was her nursing skill to go idle during her life as a wife and mother. There were many

occasions on which she made a sick-room the extent of her empire. Nor were there wanting opportunities for the exercise of that "long patience" which is behind the genius of nursing, and which had its roots deep in the



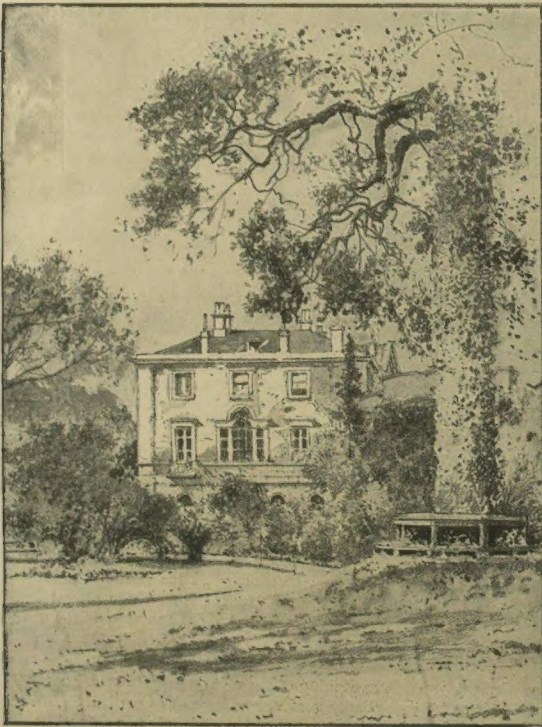
Photo Watney, Regent Street.

THE LATE PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE, DUCHESS OF TECK.

character of the Duchess of Teck. The annuity of £5000 granted to her at the time of her marriage represented the greater part of the family's wealth; and very real were the limitations and restrictions involved by this position of what may be honestly called poverty in the case of a household with royal dignity to support.

The Duchess of Teck was a woman of true piety, and was very fond of hymns, a selection of which she taught to her children. Her taste in poetry was in keeping with her particularly domestic character; for she confided to friends that her favourite among modern writers was not Tennyson, but Adelaide Anne Procter. True to the impulse she had felt as a young woman towards nursing, she was never more willing to say "Yes" to an invitation than when it came from a hospital. She took even a surprisingly large share in the details of the government of these institutions, receiving at the White Lodge doctors and governors in consultation before general meetings were held, or when some important point of policy had to be decided, or even when the mere appointment of a new consulting physician was in question. She did not separate the service of earth and heaven. Her last public appearance, appropriately enough, was at the laying of the foundation-stone of a new church. That was at Wandsworth, where it was noted that she looked tired, but insisted all the same on standing up and joining heartily, as was her custom on such occasions, in the singing of the hymns. To her husband and family her loss must be counted as irreparable. To the public at large it comes as a regret, which will remain as long as there are men and women left to recall her gay, unselfish, and thoroughly good personality.

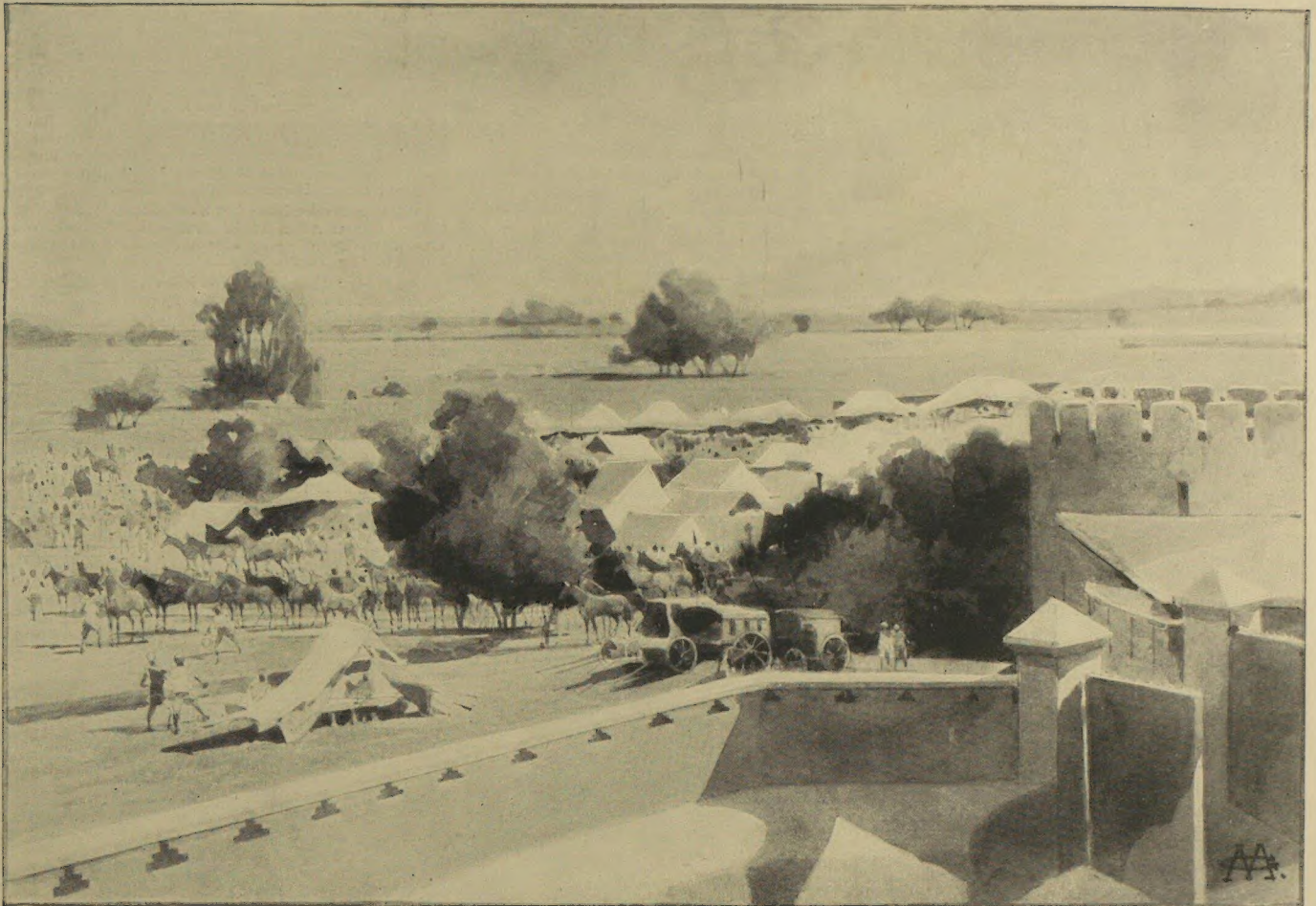
If the decoration of Nelson's statue on Trafalgar Day was not so elaborate as last year, when the entire column was wreathed with greenery, there was no lack of tributes from many parts of the country. Three-quarters up the column was encircled with a gold crown, with masts and sails rising from it, and at night the immortal Admiral stood clearly out in the darkness amid the gleam of several flashlights, directed upon him from various corners of the square. The mottoes on the base of the column included Mr. Kipling's classic phrase "Lest We Forget," which has not taken long to pass into the current coinage of our mottoes. A wreath was sent from Nelson's five grand-daughters, others from the descendants of the officers who fought on the *Victory*, while the women of Canada, in imitation of the patriotic interest which their sisters across the border are perpetually displaying, sent a beautiful wreath of coloured leaves. At Earl's Court 250 Chelsea pensioners and Balaclava heroes were entertained.



WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND PARK, THE HOME OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK.

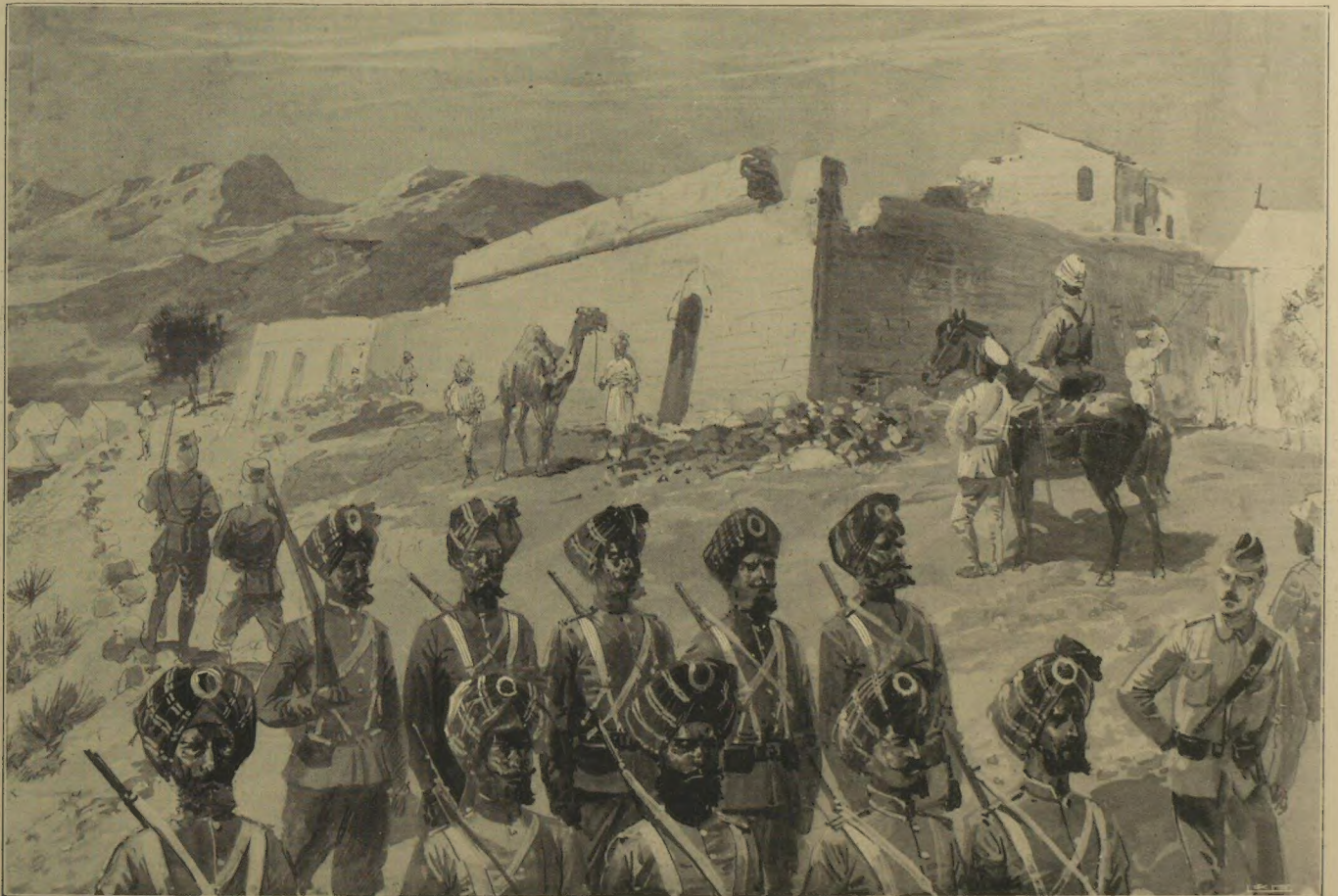
place in the parish church of Kew, on June 12, 1866, the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the royal family being present. The Queen was in mourning; Princess Mary was dressed in white satin, trimmed with Honiton lace and orange blossoms, with a coronet of diamonds, a wreath of flowers, a Brussels lace veil, and a diamond necklace and earrings,

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.



HARI SING, KABURG, CAMP OF THE 11th HUSSARS AND F BATTERY ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, TAKEN FROM THE TOP OF THE FORT.

From a Photograph by Captain T. T. Pimmon, 11th Hussars.



WITH THE TIRAH FIELD FORCE.—GENERAL YEATMAN BIGGS'S DIVISION AT SHINOWRIE: VIEW OF THE FORT DESTROYED BY THE TRIBESMEN.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Pulley.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, was visited last week by the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Hohenlohe, who were her guests until Friday. The Duchess of Albany and Princess Elizabeth of Waldeck-Pyrmont again visited the Queen. Among other guests have been Lord Rowton and the Marquis of Breadalbane, Sir James Reid, Sir Allan and Lady Mackenzie, Dr. Woods, and Miss Campbell, of Blythwood. Lord George Hamilton arrived on Sunday to be Minister in attendance.

The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales arrived from Denmark on Oct. 20, crossing the Channel from Calais to Dover, came to London, and were joined next day at Marlborough House by the Prince of Wales. On Sunday her Royal Highness went to Sandringham. The Prince on Saturday went to Horsham, in Sussex, to lay the foundation-stone of the new Christ's Hospital School. He afterwards went on a visit to Lord Rothschild at Tring. The Duchess of York went to visit her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, at White Lodge, Richmond Park. And now we have, on Wednesday morning, the very sad news of the death of Princess May's beloved mother, one of the kindest and most amiable ladies of the Royal Family, Princess Mary Adelaide of Cambridge, Duchess of Teck! This much lamented event is separately noticed.

The Lord Mayor-Elect of London, Mr. Alderman Davies, was presented to the Lord Chancellor at the House of Lords on Monday.

The Board of Trade, on Oct. 21, addressed a letter to the Employers' Federation and to the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, proposing that each should make a declaration, the former to disavow any intention of interfering with the legitimate action of trades unions, the latter to

so many patients going to the hospitals who could well afford to pay for medical advice. The chief speakers in the discussion were Mr. Timothy Holmes, Sir W. Broadbent, Dr. Glover, and Sir H. Burdett. It was resolved to draw up a scheme of reform for consideration at a future conference.

The half-year's revenue receipts from April to October were fifty millions sterling, which is about £800,000 more than in the corresponding period of last year; while the net expenditure has been only £200,000 more, and the Treasury balance is nearly £400,000 higher than it was then.

Political speeches were delivered on Monday by Lord James of Hereford at Ramsbottom, Lancashire, and by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, M.P., at Stirling.

An Exhibition of home or household manufactures was opened at Edinburgh last week by the Scottish Home Industries Association. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour spoke of this kind of work as a help, to some extent, in relieving the distress of districts with congested populations in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, though it could never compete in the market with the products of great manufacturing towns.

Sir Albert Rolit, M.P., presided on Friday at the autumn general meeting of the Association of Municipal Corporations of England, Wales, and Ireland, at the Westminster Palace Hotel. There was not much business or matter for discussion, but Mr. J. C. Bigham, Q.C., M.P., of Liverpool, received a vote of congratulation upon his appointment to be a Judge of the High Court; the Lord Mayor of Liverpool seconded this motion.

In a report by the Local Government and Taxation Committee of the City of London Common Council, attention is called to the large and increasing expenditure

to be the High Commissioner and Governor of Crete. He was attached to Baker Pasha's Mission in Armenia, and served under General Lord Wolsley in the Nile Expedition of 1884.

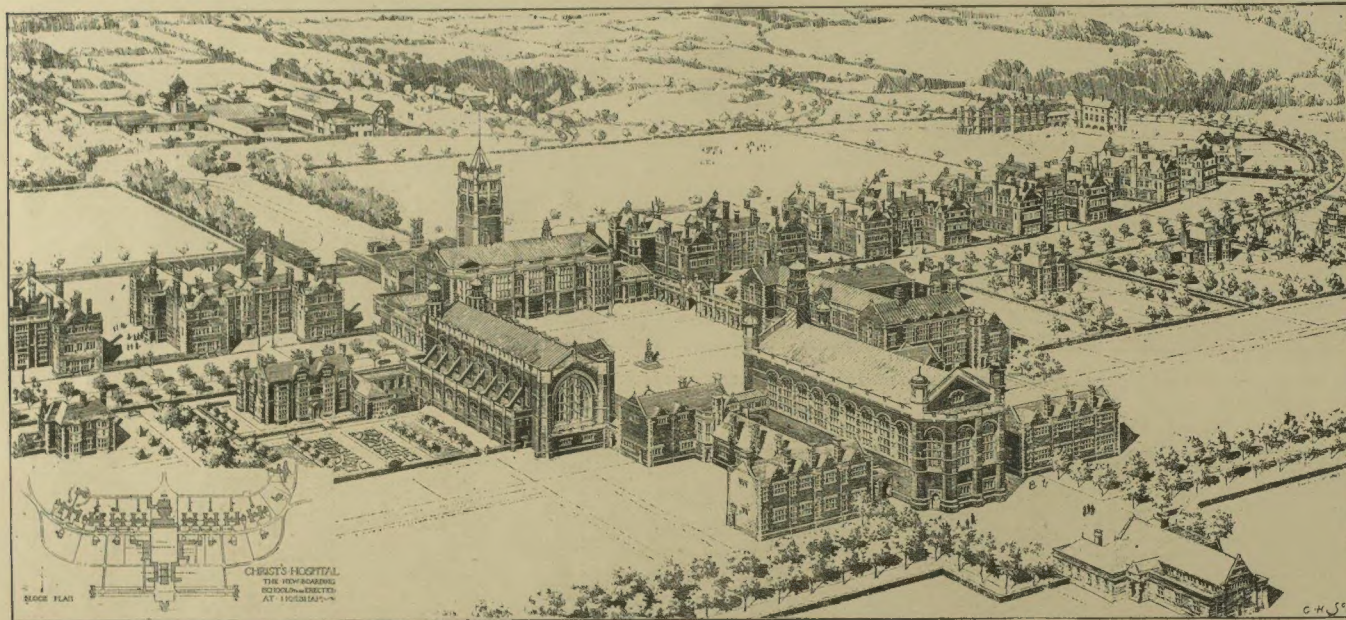
In Serbia, King Alexander has had to find a new Ministry, of which the chief is M. Vladan Georgevitch, who has been Servian Envoy at Constantinople.

The approaching political crisis in the relations between Spain and the United States of America, with the prospect of the latter next month proclaiming belligerent rights for the Cuban insurgents, while the new Spanish Governor, Marshal Blanco, promises the concession of Home Rule, but is bringing 20,000 additional troops to subdue rebellion, is viewed with grave concern in the interests of peace. Spain accuses the United States of having connived at the supply of arms and ammunition to the rebels.

Official correspondence has been published relating to the proposals of America to Great Britain for a conference upon the silver currency coinage question, which was declined by the British Government.

A railway accident took place last Sunday on the New York Central line, when a Buffalo express train, with passengers from Canada, some of them Chinese, fell into the Hudson River by running off the rails on an embankment; about twenty lives were lost.

Extraordinary means have been adopted at the grave of the late Mr. G. M. Pullman, in the New York Cemetery, to prevent his body, like that of Mr. Alexander Stewart, being stolen either for the purpose of extorting a ransom, or to avenge the pretended grievances of the workmen formerly employed in the Pullman Car factories. His coffin, hermetically enclosed in asphalt, is placed in the centre of a solid mass of concrete upon a framework of



THE GENERAL DESIGN FOR THE NEW CHRIST'S HOSPITAL SCHOOLS AT HORSHAM.

MESSRS. ASTON WEBB AND INGRESS BELL, ARCHITECTS.

disclaim any intention of interfering with employers' business, and that the demand for a forty-eight hours week should be withdrawn, upon which a conference should be held to discuss and settle the hours of labour. On Sunday, at a meeting at Forest Gate, Mr. George Barnes stated that the Executive Council of the Amalgamated Engineers' Society would consider this proposal, but might ask for some modifications of it, the terms of reference being too stringent; yet he hoped that a conference might be held. Mr. John Burns, M.P., at Nottingham, said the men would be wise in accepting the conference on a fair basis, but the lock-out in the provinces must be withdrawn, as well as the strike in London. On the other side Sir Alfred Hickman, M.P., at Wolverhampton, observed that the employers would make a serious blunder if they refused the conference, and that the proposals of the Board of Trade were judicious and proper.

On Saturday the Amalgamated Society of Engineers made its seventeenth weekly distribution of strike pay to the men who have stopped working, to the number of 83,000, the amount given away to them for last week being over £38,000. Their allowance is now reduced from fifteen shillings to twelve shillings for unmarried men, and for married men's children the allowance is reduced one half; no married men to receive more than fifteen shillings a week in the provinces and seventeen shillings in London.

A conference invited by the Hospital Reform Association was held on Oct. 21 at St. Martin's Hall, the Earl of Stamford presiding, to discuss the administration of medical and surgical relief in the out-patients and casualty departments of hospitals and dispensaries. It was stated that in the year 1895 the aggregate number of out-patients in the twenty-two great or general London hospitals was 897,000, besides 67,500 in the special hospitals. It was becoming difficult to provide sufficient accommodation or professional attendance for so vast a multitude of cases, with which the hospital staff could not deal adequately, while private practitioners were injured by

of the London School Board, which is at the rate of £3 11s. 0½d. per child for maintenance only, such as teaching, books, apparatus, and cleaning, exclusive of all charges for school buildings, or payment of interest on loans. The corresponding cost per child in all England, exclusive of London, is only £2 5s. 9d., and at the Voluntary schools in London it is £2 6s. 8½d. The City has to contribute over £200,000 a year, one-eighth part of the amount of the London School Board rate.

The Archbishop of York presided over a meeting held at York Minster on Monday, with Lord Cross, Lord Selborne, Sir F. S. Powell, and other Churchmen, towards establishing a Central Committee to defend the interests of the Church of England.

Foreign politics have been quiescent. The German Emperor met the Emperor Nicholas of Russia on Oct. 20 at Wiesbaden. His mother, the Empress Frederick, has gone to the Italian Tyrol. The Emperor William has returned to Berlin. The Czar declined to receive the Grand Duke of Baden, who offered to visit him while in Germany.

At Constantinople the delegates respectively of the Turkish Imperial Government and of the kingdom of Greece have continued their endeavours to settle the details of the peace treaty in accordance with the late negotiations of the Great Powers. The restoration of the Thessalian Greek refugees from the recent war to their homes, and the civil or legal position of Greeks residing in Turkey, seem to be difficult points.

Much anxiety is still felt about Crete. There are 70,000 Mussulman inhabitants collected in the coast towns, and the Sultan demurs to removing his troops, of whom there are 10,000, alleging that the Cretans would attack and slaughter, or at least plunder and maltreat those Mohammedans, the European guard being quite insufficient.

It is stated that France has proposed, and the other Powers have agreed to, the appointment of Colonel Schaffer, a German military officer holding command in Luxembourg,

steel rails bolted together, forming a monolith, 13 ft. by 9 ft., which dynamite could not destroy.

Sir Alfred Milner, Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner of the Imperial Government, has completed his tour of British South Africa with a visit to Kimberley, going on to Bulawayo for the opening of the railway in Matabellan.

The New South Wales Legislative Assembly at Sydney has passed the Federation Act Enabling Bill, which requires the vote of 80,000 electors for New South Wales to join a Federal Union with the other Australian colonies.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT HORSHAM.

Despite the many remonstrances that have been lodged against the selection of Horsham for the future home of Christ's Hospital, the Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone of the new buildings on Oct. 23 on what he described as "a spacious and beautiful country site." The buildings when finished will have cost £350,000, and at the start will give accommodation for six hundred boys. The day was wholly auspicious. It was the anniversary of the birth of King Edward VI., who founded the Hospital, and the Prince represented not only the Queen, but also Freemasonry. Indeed, no such gorgeous ceremony has been seen since the Prince performed the same task at Truro Cathedral sixteen years ago. The Prince spread the cement on the under-slab with the very trowel with which his grand-uncle, Frederick, Duke of York, had performed the ceremony for Christ Church seventy years before, and the crystal vessel containing the usual coins, newspapers, and souvenirs of the dedication having been placed in position, the foundation-stone was lowered. The Duke of Cambridge, who was present, made a speech, and the Prince declared that the transfer from the venerable, but somewhat confined, buildings in the City to Horsham would bear on the health, well-being, and progress of the scholars.

PERSONAL.

The retirement of Lord Ludlow, more familiarly known, even now, as Lord Justice Lopes, from the Court of Appeal, has taken place very unostentatiously, but amid expressions of universal regret. The career of this able lawyer—who has been a Judge since 1876, and in the Court of Appeal since 1885—was lately reviewed, on the occasion of his being raised to the peerage at the time of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. Rumours of retirement had been in the air for a few days associated with Lord Ludlow's name; and his absence from the ceremonies attending the opening of the legal year on Monday was regarded—and rightly regarded—as a final confirmation of the report, although his name was down to hear cases on that very day. To fill the place of so sound a Judge in the Court of Appeal, appears no light task to those who know, for instance, how great a loss to the Commercial Court the withdrawal of Mr. Justice Mathew would involve.

Sir Richard Henn Collins, hitherto a Judge of the Queen's Bench Division, has been raised to the Court of Appeal to fill the seat vacated by Mr. Justice Lindley, who becomes Master of the Rolls in succession to Lord Esher. Lord Justice Collins was to the manner of the law born, for his father was Mr. Stephen Collins, Q.C., of Dublin. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Downing Hall, Cambridge, where he took his M.A. degree in 1868. He was called to the Bar in 1867, being then twenty-six years of age; and in the following year he married Jane, daughter of the Very Rev. Ogle W. Moore, Dean of Clogher. His appointment as a Judge of Probate and Admiralty Division is within recent recollection; and it has been swiftly followed by his promotion to the Court of Appeal.

Mr. Murphy, Q.C., whom an age devoted to personalities knows to be "the heaviest man at the Bar," though Mr. Samuel Pope, Q.C., must surely be a most excellent second, has decided to retire from practice. Mr. Murphy has never combined politics with law, as a man is almost bound to do who aspires to rise to high judicial posts. But his great ability and his sterling honesty have made him a large holder of briefs, and have won for him the goodwill of all his brethren at the Bar.

The Rev. Dr. Stoughton, one of the most venerable figures of Nonconformity, passed away last Sunday evening at Ealing. Born at Norwich in 1807, he was destined for his father's profession of the law; but he chose instead to enter the ministry as a Congregationalist. At the age of twenty-one he entered Highbury College, where he stayed for four years. After a co-pastorship at Windsor, which he took up in 1833 and held for ten years, he became minister of Kensington Congregational Church, and there remained till he retired from pastoral work in 1874. Dr. Stoughton (who had an honorary degree of D.D. from the University of Edinburgh) had a close connection with many charitable organisations, being associated, from their very beginnings, with the Young Men's Christian Association, the Evangelical Alliance, and the Congregational Union. A Professorship of Historical Theology in New College, St. John's Wood, left him time to write, to preach, and to travel. He published a volume on "Religion in Cromwell's Time"; another on the "Church of the Restoration," and another on "Religion in England from 1800 to 1881." He was a friend of Dean Stanley, who chose him to deliver an address on Missions in the nave of Westminster Abbey, and it was by Matthew Arnold that he was proposed for membership at the Athenæum Club.

Sir Peter Le Page Renouf, whose death in London, at the age of seventy-five, deprives England of her most learned Egyptologist, was born in Guernsey, and was educated at Elizabeth College and Pembroke College, Oxford. In the early 'forties, his main interest was given to theology, and he preceded Cardinal Newman into the Roman Catholic Church, going later to Ireland to help Newman in his heroic effort to found a Catholic University, and becoming one of the editors of the *Home and Foreign Review*. Gradually ancient Egypt occupied his studies, and he gave to the Press, in 1860, the first fruits of his learning in this department, a prelude to his Hibbert Lectures on "The Religion of Ancient Egypt." Soon afterwards he became one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, a post he filled for some twenty years, until he fell into the more congenial one of keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities at the British Museum. Then began a career of usefulness which culminated in the publication of "The Papyrus of Ani" in facsimile, and

which ended, in 1891, by his retirement on a pension. His knighthood dated from 1896.

Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave died at the age of seventy-three last Sunday morning at his house in Cranley Place, South Kensington. The son of Sir Francis Palgrave, and the eldest of four brothers, all of them distinguished men, he was educated at Charterhouse, whence he proceeded to Oxford, where he took a First Class, and was a scholar of Balliol and, finally, Fellow of Exeter. An assistant-secretaryship with Mr. Gladstone, a Vice-Presidentship of the Training School at Kneller Hall, and then a long tenure of office in the Education Department did not prevent him from giving a constant and an enthusiastic attention to literature, in which he did work in many departments, and in none more lastingly than as an anthologist. His "Golden Treasury" of English songs and lyrics, in its first series, was not faultless, but it has become little less than a national possession. Nor will its value be lessened by the failure of Mr. Palgrave's abortive attempt to produce a second series, in worthy succession to the first. In the former case he had the benefit of Lord Tennyson's guidance; and how great that benefit was the newly issued "Golden Treasury" sequel conclusively proves.

Mr. Palgrave's own volumes include both prose and verse. He was a writer of hymns; of lyrics in illustration of the History of England; of a child's book of entertainment; of a biography of Sir Walter Scott; of endless art criticisms, as the pages of the *Saturday Review* all through the 'fifties would bear witness, to say nothing of his volume of "Essays on Art" and his latest prose

Lady Ernestine Brudenell-Bruce has been refused by the Board of Trade the examination as to her proficiency in seamanship which she asked at their hands previous to applying for a yacht-master's certificate. The lady's capabilities are undoubted, but the Board bases its refusal on the statement that the very word "master's certificate" clearly implies that it is confined to men.

It is curious that, like his opera, the oldest of the Marquis of Lorne's nephews bears Diarmid as a Christian name. This is Mr. Nigel Diarmid Campbell, the only son of Lord Archibald Campbell, who married his father's ward, Miss Janet Callander.

Dr. Frederick St. George Mivart, who has been appointed Medical Inspector under the Local Government Board, in succession to Dr. Barry, studied in Edinburgh and at Louvain. He is the only son of a father distinguished in literature and science, Mr. St. George Mivart, F.R.S., one of the few critics whom Darwin heeded, and a friend, though an opponent too, of Professor Huxley, of whom he is about to publish some reminiscences.

Sir Albert Sassoon, who bought the mansion which Mr. Barney Barnato was erecting for himself in Park Lane, has stripped the building of some of its profuse ornament. The late owner's monogram is to be effaced; and even the large carved figures adorning the front of the house are to be put to flight.

A new life-boat is to be placed on the Yorkshire coast at Saltburn, and any mariners whom it succours will have to bless the memory of Mrs. Mary Seales, of Armley Ridge, Leeds, who set aside £1000 for the purpose to which it has now been put.

Sir James Kitson has been making a speech in Leeds to praise, and also to stimulate, the skill and enterprise of the riflemen of Yorkshire. Sir James himself is an old volunteer who rose from the ranks to the command of a company. His experience in the Leeds Rifles so far convinced him of the benefit to be got by young men as volunteers that he declared, lover of freedom as he was, "he would not promise not to vote for compulsory drilling if such a Bill came before Parliament."

There have been jubilee and diamond anniversary celebrations, in honour of the Duke of Argyll, at Inveraray Castle this week. A large party of guests was there to take part in the rejoicings, the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne and Lord and Lady Tennyson being of the company.

The coming of age of Lord Ronaldshay will be the occasion of great rejoicings next week at Aske Hall, York-

shire, where his parents, Lord and Lady Zetland, will entertain a large party, and where there will be festivities of all sorts, including a Hunt breakfast, a county ball, and much feasting and dancing among the tenants, to celebrate the locally important event.

Lord Wolsley has quite got over his temporary breakdown of strength, but his doctors advise an avoidance of the public banquets and festivals which end with so much fatigue the days spent in labour at the War Office.

London playgoers, who have lately been among the many sympathetic friends of the Greek nation to be found in this country, ought to assemble in strong force at the Matinee Theatre, Oct. 30, to witness the appearance of M. Lecatza, a well-known Greek actor, and the manager of the National Theatre, Athens, in the part of Hamlet. The performance, which is for the benefit of the destitute refugees of Thessaly, is to be under the patronage of the Duke of Westminster and the Greek Chargé d'Affaires, M. Metaxa. M. Lecatza is an able and scholarly actor, who has a complete command of the English tongue. He is also a Shaksperian student of considerable learning, and has translated several of the poet's plays into modern Greek. He made an excellent impression in Liverpool when he played Hamlet there some sixteen years ago.

The Guildhall Banquet to be given by the Lord Mayor, elect and the Sheriffs on Lord Mayor's Day will be a very brilliant affair this year. The Marquis of Salisbury has accepted an invitation to be present, and the company will also include the Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Viscount Cross, and the Swedish, Serbian, Japanese, and Chinese Ministers. The Lord Mayor's Show will start an hour earlier than usual, as punctually as possible at half-past ten.

Major Charles Bellow Judge, who fell in the action at Dargai whilst gallantly leading a wing of his regiment,



Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE REV. DR. STOUGHTON.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
LORD LUDLOW.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. F. TURNER PALGRAVE.

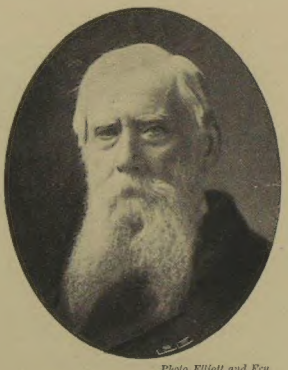


Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR LE PAGE RENOUF.



Photo Russell and Sons.
LORD JUSTICE COLLINS.

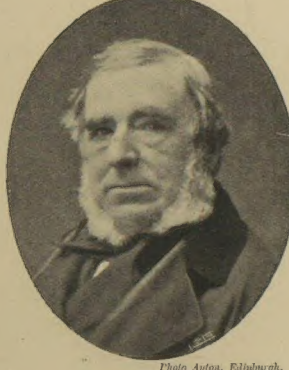


Photo Ayton, Edinburgh.
THE LATE DR. FLETCHER.

work (excepting his contribution to the "Tennyson Memoir") dealing with "Landscape in Poetry." His Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, held for ten years, he resigned two years ago. An attack of paralysis brought rather suddenly to a close a career that had been unusually occupied, honourable, and of service to the reading community.

Dr. Thomas Bell Elcock Fletcher, who died on Thursday last week at The Crescent, Leamington, in his ninety-first year, was long a leading physician in Birmingham and the Midlands. Born at Shifnal, he graduated in Paris, made a stay in London, and finally settled in Birmingham, where, in 1838, he was appointed physician to the General Dispensary. A similar office at the General Hospital followed in ten years; and there he served for three times that length of time, his retirement being marked by the contribution of a fund in his honour, and by the presentation to the hospital of a portrait of him painted by Sir Daniel Mackay. He was a Member and Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, a Justice of the Peace, and an honorary consulting physician of various institutions. He retired from practice in 1887, and after a stay in France, settled at Leamington, within easy reach of the many friends made in the course of a prolonged life.

The few tourists who have felt aggrieved at being asked to pay for the privilege of seeing over Eaton Hall, the Duke of Westminster's fine seat near Chester, will doubtless throw all resentment to the winds when they learn that as the result of this trifling tax for the past twelve-month his Grace has been able to hand over no less a sum than five hundred pounds to the Chester General Infirmary, besides giving another hundred pounds to the Parkgate Convalescent Home, which he opened some years ago.

was born in 1837, and was educated at Shrewsbury and Sandhurst. After first serving with the Leinster Regiment, he was appointed, in 1882, to the 2nd Gurkhas, rising to be Major and second in command so lately as in August last. He saw active service in the Hazara Expedition of 1888; was mentioned in despatches after the battle of Kotkai, and took part in the Manipur Expedition in 1891. Major Judge was the eldest son of the late Thomas Bristow Judge. Two of his uncles were Colonels, who served during the Mutiny; and his grandfather, Captain Bellew, the youngest of four soldier brothers, fell in the retreat from Cabul. That officer was descended from Sir John Bellew, of Daleck, who fell in the Battle of the Boyne, and was himself the successor of a long line of Knights Banneret, who in each generation gave sons to serve their country and their king. By his brave conduct in the fight which cost him his life, Major Judge proved himself worthy of his ancestry.

Major Richard Jennings-Bramly, of the 1st Gordon Highlanders, who was killed at the Dargai Pass on Oct. 18, two days before the immortal action in which his regiment took part, was a member of a Devonshire family who are well represented in the Army. He joined the 75th Regiment, as the 1st Battalion of Gordons was then known, in 1879, and attained his Captaincy seven years later. He accompanied the regiment to Malta, to Ceylon, and then to India. He went through the Chitral Campaign with distinction. There is a pathetic touch in the fact that he was married only a year ago, his widow being now in India. It may be mentioned that he held the Bronze Medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving a lady from drowning off Southsea just twenty years ago.

In the same engagement at Dargai which cost us the life of Major Jennings-Bramly, Lieutenant Maurice



Photo Ellis, Malta.
THE LATE MAJOR R. D. JENNINGS-BRAMLY.



Photo Ellis, Malta.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MATHIAS.



Photo Ellis and Saunders.
THE LATE MAJOR JUDGE.



Photo Debenham, Hyde.
LIEUTENANT M. LORRAINE PEARS.



Photo Lafage, Dublin.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT LAMONT.

Lorraine Pears was severely wounded, whilst serving with the Gordon Highlanders. According to last reports, however, this gallant young officer, who has thus early begun his military career in good earnest, was progressing towards recovery as quickly as the serious nature of his wounds allowed.

Lieutenant Alexander Lamont, of the Gordon Highlanders, who lost his life while gallantly leading his

company in the storming of Dargai Ridge on Oct. 20, came of a family of note in the annals of military prowess, certain of his ancestors having laid down their lives to serve their country at Seringapatam, Trafalgar, and Waterloo, not to mention less historic actions. Lieutenant Lamont was the second son of Mr. James Lamont of Knockdu, Inverchaolain, a member of the well-known Glasgow firm of West India merchants of the same name. Born twenty-six years ago, he was educated at Eton, received his commission in the Gordon Highlanders in 1894, and sailed for India about a twelvemonth ago. He was one of the founders of the Clan Lamont Society, and had for some time past devoted a great deal of research to the compiling of material for a historical record of his clan.

The name of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry H. Mathias, who led the splendid rush by which the Gordon Highlanders took the Dargai Ridge on Oct. 20, will be remembered for all time in the history of the Indian Army. The fortunes of the day were at stake when Lieutenant-Colonel Mathias thrilled his men to victory with his now famous battle-cry, "That position must be taken at all costs—the Gordon Highlanders will take it." Colonel Mathias has before now distinguished himself in India, though not so notably. He was mentioned in despatches after the taking of the Malakand Pass in the Chitral campaign of the Nile Expedition of 1884-85.

The prowess of the 1st Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders showed itself in another way in October of last year, when a team from the regiment carried off the cup presented by the Queen, and competed for by every regiment at home and abroad for marksmanship. No other regiment stationed abroad had ever before won the trophy.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.—WITH THE TIRAH FIELD FORCE AT SHINOWRIE: WORKING PARTIES OF THE GURKHA RIFLES ENGAGED ON THE CAMP WATER SUPPLY.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Polley.

IN HANGMERING WOOD

BY

C. NESBIT AND OSWALD BARRON.

ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

and saloon bar of the Railway Hotel and the White Bear, because these were things that the Feckenham who kept sheep on Carter's Run had longed for in the long, long, weary days that lay between his half-yearly drunks in Wurrarong township.

He had risen to close the window, when a ghost of the past came out from under the cedar-trees and across the lawn, trailing a long shadow until it stood at the window-ledge between the soft red lamplight and the moonlight. A long, loosely built man, with a wholesomely tanned face and kindly grey eyes that laughed up to Feckenham at the window as the ghost stepped softly on the flower-bed below, having a care to the sleeping flowers. The ghost lifted the end of a cheroot to its mouth, blowing a grey waft of smoke from its smiling lips, like a man who has seen the happy issue of a practical joke. Feckenham gently stretched out his hand for the Venetian glass and let his fingers close on it. There was a little tinkling crack, and the broken pieces ground together.

"Chute!" he said.

The wraith nodded and smiled.

"When—when did you come over?"

"And how did I find you out, eh? And how were the crops looking where I came from? It really doesn't matter. I'm just ashore, and a happy clairvoyance brought me here to see Lucullus dining *chez* Lucullus."

"Made a pile and come over to spread it out, eh, Chute?"

"Precisely. But I have not brought it with me. An industrious partner has been entrusted with the fruits of industry, and has been before me to prepare a place for me among squires and dames."

"Stand clear, Chute!" And Feckenham, stepping upon the window-sill, sprang clear of the flower-bed and lighted softly on the grass. He walked across the lawn without a word. Chute followed him, stepping delicately, and they sat down on the bench in the cedar-shade.

"And now, Chute," said the master of the house in the low, choking

BECAUSE the room had grown closer, Mr. Thomas Feckenham roused himself a little and threw up the window looking on to the grass of the lawn. The grass was silver-grey where it was not shadow, for a great placid moon was drifting clear of the cloud-bars.

The master of the house was black against the soft yellow light of the room, as he stood with his hands on the sash, letting the air that came to him from the bank of mignonette touch his flushed face.

"That's a nice little breeze," he said, and prepared to qualify it with a long Russian cigarette, sitting back in his armchair and looking round the room with half-shut, approving eyes.

The little room where he had dined alone, before he fell to dreaming in his chair, was just such a port of refuge as Malpas, who was with him in parts beyond seas, used to see in the camp fire under the blue-gum trees, and tell about as he lay smoking his cutty pipe.

"I shall put in there," Malpas used to say, "when I've filled the sack at last—an English house, Feckenham, old or new, but where a house has always been, with a name of its own that the builder-folk didn't give it yesterday. No more leaky tents and ant-eaten shanties. A good picture on the wall, a good book in the case, my drink on the table—my drink that has come up from the cellar in place of the tin canful of new spirit from Darmstatter's store—a little land round that isn't under water for two months, and cracked like a broken saucer for six months more. I want to dream and doze there, and never get up to make the damper, and never eat damper again, or fetch water in the bucket. Let me once break myself of the habit of washing my shirt, and I shall find one every night in my dressing-room—when the bag's full."

And all these things came to Feckenham, but though the bag, that was a weary time filling, yet filled at last, Malpas died out in the desert, propped against the log his horse stumbled over. And he died without drinking the quarter of a pint of warm water that Feckenham, who had been his partner once, held out to his lips again and again.

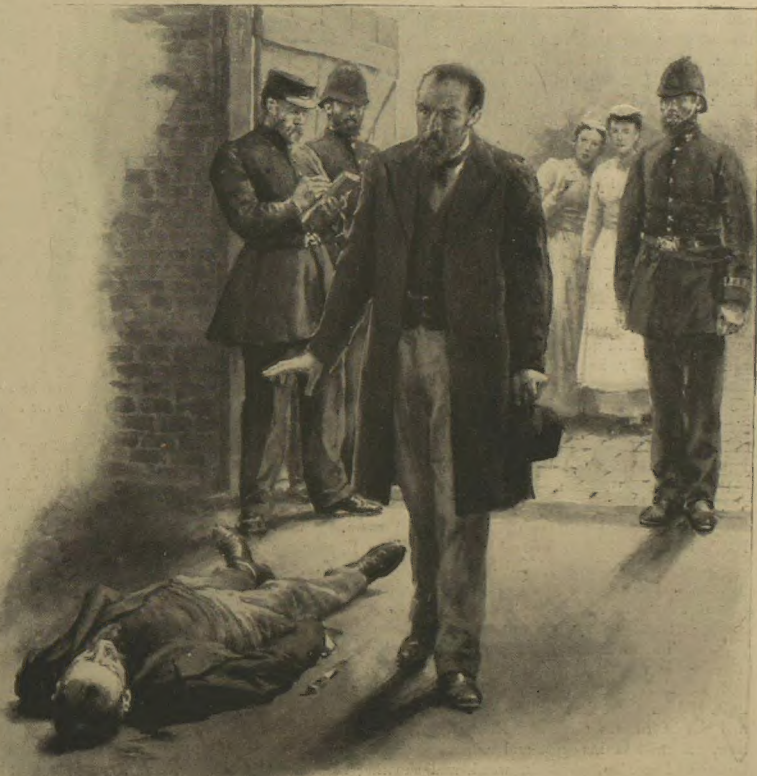
And now Feckenham lived in the house, and the wax candles under the yellow shades shone on the carved beams of the black and white ceiling and on the walnut panels of the wall. There were porcelain and Venetian glass, and Delft tiles in the hearth, with old Sussex iron fire-back and andirons. A Collini dish was before him, and he had played with the piece of ginger on his plate with the quaint little curved blade and two-pronged silver fork from the shagreen case that held them when M. Spitzer of Paris sold him the treasure. He saw them all and turned to the window to meet the breeze again as it blew in from his garden paddock. He let a little wine trickle into the Venetian glass, and rolled it on his tongue. And he saw the world that he had made, and it was very good.

There had been twenty men and more round the fire by the blue-gums. How many were there who sailed with him when they took the schooner blackbirding to the islands? There must have been a hundred at the shearing on Mason's Run; and where were they all now? Dead in their tens and their twenties, or humping their swag on a bad home track. And he was sitting here with the little twisting tape of smoke rising from his cigarette, and the wide lawn stretching quiet before him, his own land round him, his life rooted and set among beautiful things and filled with them. Not a large income, but enough. Not many acres, but his own.

The breeze fluttered again like a great moth at the window where the light was. Mr. Feckenham shivered a little and snuffed disapprobation, for the air seemed to have blown over the roofs of the town rather than the mignonette bed.

"If I had the time to come over again, I would have bought or built farther out. What does it profit me to be within four miles of a town? I haven't to walk there for my tea and sugar."

He would not admit to himself that he cared for the gaslight of the pavement and the crowd about the market-booths, or the billiard-rooms



"That's not the man I killed. How did he come here?"

note of a child who will presently burst into tears, 'what's all this cursed nonsense about you and your partner?'

"My partner?" said Chute, stretching his long legs and kissing his hands like an awakened Endymion towards the moon that was so near.

"Well?"

"My partner has no open arms. He is full of unworthy suspicions. He does not question me eagerly on the pleasures of my voyage. He betrays no anxiety about the health and well-being of Mrs. Chute and the kids—highly probable beings when one has been away for years."

"What are you here for?" said Feckenham sullenly. "I don't wish for any exchange of reminiscences of the Golden Gully or of Carter's Run."

"If my partner wishes for business parley as between solicitor and solicitor, rather than the open and manly confidences between partner and partner, I will conceal nothing from him. Hear now my simple tale. The lucky day that brought you here was the day when you possessed yourself of Malpas's saddle-bags, after he was killed in the bush by an accident for which you were sincerely distressed."

"You lie!" interjected Feckenham in a tone that made fall admission.

"As a matter of custom, yes—but at present, no. I have been into the case with all the energy of my nature. It promises better than bar-keeping."

"You can prove this with ease, no doubt?" sneered Feckenham.

"With ease," said Chute lightly. "I have the proofs about me. You remember that Malpas had a curious presentiment of death which impelled him to write out that little letter to his sister, which was really a will, for two people witnessed it. I was one of them—pardon me if I bore you, but I want to make everything quite simple. When I heard of Malpas's death, I followed you up and recognised his empty saddle-bags under the blanket with which your tender heart had induced you to cover those sad relics of a departed friend."

"It's all a lie," said Feckenham again.

"Quite so. This is the thousand-and-first Devonshire night, a tale I bring you to beguile you in your retreat, my Sultan. But let your Scheherazade continue. My next good luck was the purloining of the will-letter, which you had not destroyed, my careless despot. I have it here in my breast-pocket."

"Well?" said Feckenham, moistening his lips with his tongue.

"Well," returned Chute gaily, and his gaiety was not without a suspicion of whisky. "Well, my intentions are strictly dishonourable—blackmail, in short, and on a large and generous scale, so large and generous that you will hardly keep up this little place on your share unless we agree to live together, which is unlikely, because when I settle down I shall consider the advisability of inviting Lulu to come over and stay with me. And you never did hit it off with Lulu."

The master of the house looked up at the sycamore boughs and across the lawn at the lighted room. He laughed out loud with a hard laugh. It was like an episode of the old days. The night the schooner came into Sydney, he sat with his pile before him on the table and saw it grow into a great pool of dull yellow Australian sovereigns and greasy notes and thumb-marked slips of paper with scribbled promises to pay, and, on the top of it all, the big nugget that the mate used to carry on his watch-chain. Then four queens came against him and a flush of hearts and the aces, with the black one uppermost, and the board was clear and life to begin again. Thus now. A mist in his eyes, and a hand seemed to sweep house and garden, paddock, wood, and shooting rights, clattering into another man's sack.

Jacob, the supplanter, was still smiling. The slight odour of whisky still mingled with the grass and mignonette. The master clambered into the room and strode back with the whisky and a glass. He half-filled the glass,

lifted it, and, looking steadily at his guest, drank it off.

The guest was not slow in his acknowledgment of the courtesy. He poured into another glass with anxious precision—though at the last a tremulous motion of the elbow nearly filled the glass—and disposed of it in two draughts with the air of a man to whom it was not an unfamiliar recreation. Feckenham received back the glass, into which he poured a little more of the spirit. "Regards," he said, raising it towards his eyes and swallowing it quickly.

"My regards," returned the guest affectionately, half emptying his glass again and appearing deeply moved by this hospitable ritual. He added "Lulu," with a heavy and enduring wink, before finishing his portion.

With his eye fixing the wandering glance of his visitor, Feckenham put his thumb nearly over the mouth of the decanter, and poured a few drops into the glass, which he drank suddenly, with the sentiment "Here she goes!"



Feckenham caught him round the waist, and strode with the limp body to the edge of Hangmering Hole. Chute's face seemed to turn for a moment as they came to the edge, and his lips moved without speaking.

A thorough sense of what was due from him as a guest made Chute put out his hand again for the full glass tendered him. "Our—our luck!" he said, and drank, spilling a little on the turf. Then he rose suddenly, and proposed that they should "take a stroll round the place while they waited for dinner," and walked with long strides along the path leading to the wood, which joined the grounds on the far side from the road.

They rested for a little while by the stile, for Chute had been wearied by the necessity of placing each foot carefully before the other while walking in the exact middle of the path.

Then he fell over the stile, and getting up on the further side without notice of or allusion to the accident, walked steadily up the track between the trees on the ancient moss carpet where their feet made no sound, Feckenham following and guiding him a little with a hand under his elbow. They made towards the heart of the little wood. A pheasant rose once, and rocketed among the trees, and now and again a rabbit skurried across the path.

"Cockatoos," said Chute huskily; "we'll come and get a shot at 'em—by 'n by."

But Feckenham was wrapped in thought, and the promised sport did not move him. He was driving from his mind an idea that came back again and again. Near the middle of Hangmering Wood is Hangmering Hole, a little well-like chasm that yawns under a shadow of limestone rock. There is no bottom to Hangmering Hole, as any cottager near can tell you. For it is the hole into which the foul fiend himself leapt to escape the staff brandished by Saint Wulfhere, justly irritated by his narrow escape from the limestone rock beside it which the fiend had cast at him from the boughs of a beech-tree to the interruption of his meditations.

So there is no bottom to Hangmering Hole. But the wiser children of these silly old folk have been Board-schooled out of these fancies, and, well knowing that Australia lies at the bottom, will drop pebbles in to annoy the native races.

Chute led the way straight towards Hangmering Hole.

Chute had come here on an errand of the blackest treachery—to commit a felony. The law punishes blackmailing as felony. But the same law punishes misappropriation, without distinction of motives, and is therefore too blind an agent to set in force.

Here was a man sitting down calmly in his latter days to the practice of that respectability which, if not virtue, is akin to virtue as cleanliness to godliness. And Chute had come here.

Chute had suddenly staggered and halted. They had come to a little bare place in the wood where the full moon could light up the hart's-tongue ferns and the sleepy fox-gloves; and here Chute sat down on the rotten bole of a tree under the shadow of a limestone rock.

Any man who knew Chute must be aware that no terms were to be made with him. What carefully nursed and invested fortune could bide the ravage of a feckless wastrel like Chute? When Chute was at Warragong, he won the big lottery prize and spent most of it in an attempt to "lay on" India Pale Ale to the houses in the township. He was drunk all the time, very drunk, and had believed that the measure would make him so popular that, in the end, Warragong would secede from the Australian Federation and crown him hereditary sovereign of its independent state. This was the ruffian who proposed to share a house with a man who would soon be on the Commission of the Peace, and who had promised to restore the lych-gate of his parish church.

It was hard to be taken from the quiet paths. As Feckenham thought of the future, he saw life before him again as a dusty and gritty road to be tramped in broken boots. And his feet had grown tender. And Chute, who would leave him without roof or crust, was sitting fingering the papers in his breast-pocket.

Chute had been but an hour or two in the town; had walked out by night; no servant had met

him at the door; no one would be in the wood at this hour; and the house below them was dark and sleeping save for the one red, blinking eye of the window.

"I daresay Malpas's sister is in the workhouse by now," said Chute coarsely, without regard for Feckenham's feelings. "He always said she was expatiating—I mean, expecting—him to save her. She was a governess, I think."

He was playing with three half-sovereigns which he had carried knotted up in his handkerchief. As Feckenham glanced up at him, he was tossing them in the air and watching Feckenham with a foolish giggle. Looking round, he saw the black hole by the rock, and tossed the coins, one after the other, into the darkness.

"Shan't want them any more now—they're my last—start fresh now."

Feckenham made up his mind so suddenly that it startled him. And the light in his eyes changed so strangely that Chute leaped to his feet.

"Ah! would you? I know you, Feckenham!" And he clawed at his pocket, dragging something out which he

levelled at his companion, who had murder in eye and lip and hands.

Now, the punch aimed at the stomach is a blow which the English schoolboy, who would live among his fellows and not die, learns to avoid and class with tale-bearing and fighting with the feet and with that excellence in Latin verse which provokes comparison. But it is sometimes an effective blow, for all that; and Feckenham, in his extremity, put it in so that Chute, whose drunken finger had closed on the guard, and not on the trigger, turned white as to his face under the tan, and fell sick and helpless. Feckenham caught him round the waist, and strode with the limp body to the edge of Hangmering Hole. Chute's face seemed to turn for a moment as they came to the edge, and his lips moved without speaking. Then Feckenham let him drop, hurtling into the horrible nether depths.

There came up at length a sound that may have been a splash or a groan as the body struck the sides—and then silence.

Feckenham was pale as Chute had been. "He drew his pistol on me. I defended myself." And then, as he

seven, when he opened his eyes. Quite a little group—Laverock, his man, who seemed to ask pardon for his blanched face, a gamekeeper, a night-watcher, his under-strapper, and an inspector with two constables from the town, whose blue coats and white buttons looked curiously out of place against the rose and ivory appointments of his rather luxurious little bed-room.

The inspector came forward as he spoke. "I have a warrant for your arrest, Mr. Feckenham, for the murder of a man unknown in Hangmering Wood last night."

He sank back on his pillow.

"Look at hands of him; see to it," murmured the "watcher." His right hand, covered with brown stains of blood where his wineglass had cut it, lay on the white counterpane spotted with the same tint. There was a silence in the room while a man might have counted twenty. Feckenham rose up at last with the desperation of a cornered rat.

"I throw up my hand," he said. "I killed the man. I admit it without prevarication. He came here to ruin me, and—threatened me. I'd do it again if I had as sportsmanlike a chance. And how in hell you know it all

had returned to the upper air. But at the sight of the face his own changed, and he rubbed his hands over his eyes like a child waking from a dream and cried without pause—

"That's not the man I killed. How did he come here?"

The Inspector, who was entering on his tablets Mr. Feckenham's waking speech and confession, smiled a little as at a privileged and highly placed jester. The constables coughed simultaneously behind two Berlin gloves.

"You see you was follered; we follered you, Sir," put in the gamekeeper. "You tell the magistrat what you said at first, about him threatening you and aggravating you, and what it was all about."

"Yes," said the Inspector playfully, for it was his first tragedy since he took up his country post; "and you might tell what it was tired you so much in the wood for you to go to bed with your clothes on, and where you got that cut on your 'and, and how many men there was met their death in that there wood last night, and which it was you really killed."

Feckenham paid no heed: he stood still, looking down at the body—not Chute, who had threatened and betrayed



THE SOUDAN ADVANCE: THE DILLUKA, OR NATIVE DANCE, AT THE SIRDAR'S HEADQUARTERS PERFORMED BY THE BLACK REGIMENTS IN HONOUR OF THE CAPTURE OF BERBER AND THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE TAKING OF BONGOLA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Vittors.

knew his safety, his nerve came back and he was glad that he had done it.

There was no scrap left on the ground. The pistol was there, and a kick sent it flying after its owner.

"If I meet a keeper," thought Feckenham, "he will know me, and I can pass a pleasant word without fear."

But half-way through the wood he heard steps on the path behind, and shrank nervously behind a thick hornbeam. A man with his head bent down—not a keeper, a stranger—a mere shadow in the dark way, hurried past and took one of the cross paths. It was ten minutes before Feckenham thought it wise to move again. He was exulting once more in his security and in his riddance of his enemy.

"If I had planned for months and months—if I had laboured out a scheme with all cunning, could it have approached this thing? The current of my life can run unmoved for that infernal rogue who would have splashed and muddled it."

He had come to the stile at the wood-edge. He crossed the lawn and passed the seat where they had drunk. The decanter and glass were still there, and he carried them back and set them on the sill before he drew himself up, and then shut the window and fell asleep on his bed upstairs.

It was his habit to be called at eight, but on this morning some thoughtless person was moving in his room at

passes—"I'll come with you when they've put the horse in. I haven't taken off my boots yet."

"You was follered, Sir," said the keeper, respectfully apologetic for the circumstance, "directly after we found it out. Joe and I follered you up and saw you climb home through the window; and I watched here at the door while Joe went for the cops. Of course," he added, "if this gentleman and you wasn't friendly you'll know how to put that to the magistrats."

"I don't blame you, Parkle," said his master, "especially as you and Joe were together. I think the devil has me by the leg this time. Get the horse put to. The beggar's dead, at all events."

He walked wearily downstairs between the police, who are always sympathetic in their treatment of an important client. He stopped at the stable-door. "Not in there, Sir," said a chorus of kindly voices; "we've put it in there!"

He looked inquiringly from K 27 to K 28. "Put what?" he said, and pulled open the doors, for the rest of his life seemed so straightforward and simple in its motives that he resented a mystery.

Upon the clean wood pavement of the coach-house lay the body of a man. He had never been afraid of Chute—indeed had still a large contempt for Chute and his ways, and so he stepped forward with some curiosity to see how a man looked who had been down Hangmering Hole and

him, but a stranger's shabby-genteel body that had lived in its time some five-and-forty years (but that seemed a long time ago), and under the imperfectly shaven chin the throat was neatly cut with, as the report would say, "some sharp instrument"—probably the knife that had been disposed by the side.

"That two men should have met an end there—and then—who could have foreseen it?" said Feckenham to himself. "Yes, there will be a good deal to explain—a good deal very difficult of explanation. I throw up the game. It's a joke in its way, though—perhaps the grimmest and most perfectly finished practical joke that was ever worked on a respectable landed proprietor. The other murderer was luckier than I. He has my sympathy and good wishes."

And then he laughed and chuckled to himself till the blood of the kitchen-maids at the door ran cold in their bones, as they afterwards explained. And when the horse was put in, the Inspector, shocked beyond measure at the irregular way in which his first and promising murder was working out, drove away with the prisoner.

Mr. Feckenham offered no impediment to the feet of justice when they came stepping down diffidently into the troubled pool of the tragedy; and they say he was still chuckling above the drop when the end came.

THE END.



1. The Stewards' Houses. • 2. Stammerham. 3. The Lake, Stammerham. 4. Old Houses at Stammerham. 5. The Prince of Wales laying the Foundation-Stone of the New Schools.

THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW SCHOOLS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, HORSHAM, SUSSEX: VIEWS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

A Baby Zebra.
Baby Hyenas.

A Yak Calf and young Chartley Bull.



"Dr. Jim," Indian Elephant.

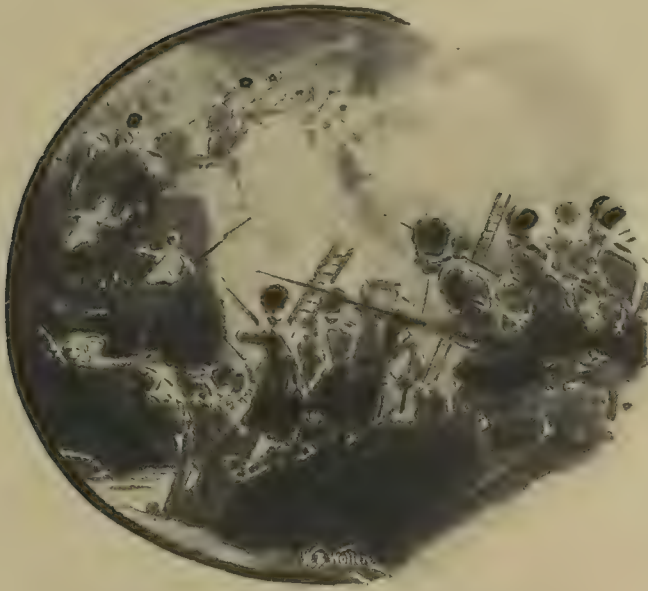
A "BABY" SHOW AT THE "ZOO."



"DIARMID," THE NEW OPERA BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND MR. HAMISH MACCUNN, AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

*"Diarmid, upon thee now Freya has power,
In sleep as thou liest, Love's dream be upon thee!"*

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AND THEIR DOUGHTY DEEDS OF THE PAST.



THE 75TH REGIMENT (NOW THE 1ST BATTALION OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS) AT THE SIEGE OF SERINGAPATAM, 1799.

“UNDER cover of fire of eighteen pieces of field artillery, the leading company of the Gordon Highlanders, in perfect silence, rushed into the fire zone. *Half the men dropped, but the remainder pushed gallantly on until they reached the cover where lay three companies of Gurkhas.*” Such was the brief message that thrilled us all at breakfast on Oct. 21, as we read how General Yeatman Biggs’s column had met the Afridis at Dargai Ridge on the left bank of the Chagru Kotal on the previous day. On Monday (Oct. 18), Dargai, standing at a height of a thousand feet, and reached only by a precipitous zig-zag path, had been attacked by these same Gordons, Major Jennings-Bramly falling in the fight. On the following Wednesday, a second attempt was made against tremendous odds. Three times our troops tried to carry the enemy’s position on the pinnacle of rock. The Gurkhas went first, and had to fall back. Then the Derbyshire and Dorsetshire essayed the task with no better results, for they were exposed to the terrible and sustained fire of the carefully concealed tribesmen. At last the turn of the Gordons came. Colonel Mathias, who commanded them, passed the word. “Men of the Gordon Highlanders, the General says that position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it.” The men received the mandate with a ringing cheer, and as their pipes began to skirl they leapt to the attack. The bullets rained thick on them, but on they went clambering upwards anyhow, and at last they carried the stronghold in what even the necessarily brief telegraphic message feels bound to describe as “superb style.” Little wonder that as they returned they were

“spontaneously cheered by all the other regiments.” One Lieutenant had been killed, and a Major and two other Lieutenants and twenty-seven of the rank and file had been killed or wounded.

There has been no incident in the present campaign more exciting than this; and the mere mention of it recalls many a thrilling venture in which the gallant Gordons have played a part—notably in India, where they have been known since the days of the terrible Tippoo, more than a century ago, and where the Victoria Crosses held by them have been won. Modern warfare must strike many laymen as a mere mechanical mowing down of men. But here there was something of the old hand-to-hand fighting of a bygone day, such as generations of Gordons knew to their cost. In this hill attack, indeed, they were but repeating their history, and proving once again what stuff a kilted corps is made of.

“Gordon” almost stands as a generic name for gallantry; and all who come under its influence are quickly affected by its characteristic spirit of daredevilry. The Gordon Highlanders, as at present constituted, are composed of two regiments once distinct. Under the territorial system, the 75th Highlanders, or Stirlingshire Regiment, were made the first battalion, and it is they who scaled the ridge last week with such effect; while the original Gordons, the 92nd Highlanders, became the second battalion. If the Stirlingshire Regiment has merged its identity in its junior—for the Gordons were a later creation—they have lost little, for the name of Gordon is one to conjure with, and is known to the man in the street, who never heard of the 75th, and who is ignorant of the minutiae of regimental history.

Few stories, indeed, could be more romantic than that which tells the origin of the Gordon Highlanders. The Clan Gordon have been fighters all their days. Originally located on the Scottish Border, they received a grant of land in Aberdeenshire five hundred years ago, and ever since they have had the “guidin’ o’ t,” as the old song has it. From step to step they rose until a dukedom came to the family. The fourth Duke (who died seventy years ago) organised two regiments. One of them was the



THE 92ND (NOW THE 2ND BATTALION OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS) AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, 1815.



THE 75TH AT CORUNNA, 1809.

Gordon Fencibles, raised in 1793 and disbanded in 1799. When they were stationed in Kent they were reviewed by George III. in Hyde Park, this being the first Highland regiment that had been seen in London since the notorious review of the Black Watch in 1743. The Duke married a very clever, ambitious woman, Jane Maxwell, a kinswoman of Sir Herbert Maxwell. It was her life-work to create a great family, and she succeeded, marrying three of her daughters to Dukes (Bedford, Manchester, and Richmond), a fourth to Lord Cornwallis, and a fifth to a Baronet, whose son fought with Nelson on the *Victory*. The Duchess, however, failed to get her surviving son, the Marquis of Huntly, a wife. So she gave him a regiment instead; and though the ducal Gordons died out with him, the Duchess’s service in banding together the Gordon Highlanders will always be memorable, so that we may ultimately come to look on her as the Scottish Joan of Arc.

The young Marquis, as an officer of the Guards, saw much service abroad while he was yet a mere boy. When he returned to his ancestral home in 1793, he and his mother set out on the recruiting expedition which was to result in such illustriousness for Queen and country. The Duchess herself, though then in her forty-fourth year, still retained much of the dazzling beauty and commanding presence of her youth. For this occasion she emphasised her power by donning a big bonnet, nine inches high. It was made of blue silk velvet with red, white, and green dice at the border—such as the regiment still wears; and if the truth were known, it possibly had a cockade over the left ear and a waving plume of feathers above that. This very headgear is now treasured by the Gordons, and they naturally resent all the attempts of army dress reformers to abolish the feather bonnet which, though now replaced by the serviceable helmet in such a campaign as the present, took them into battle at Waterloo and many another fight. Think of the Duchess galloping into a quiet glen, or visiting a feeing market,



THE 75th STORMING THE CASHMIR BASTION AT DELHI, 1857.

when all the lads, the agricultural sons of the clan, were to be found in high spirits! The story goes that the lads took the shilling from her lips; at any rate, she kissed every recruit, and with the memory of this kiss the Gordons have been inspired, until to-day they are fighting the cause of the greatest woman who has occupied our throne. The Duchess's campaign was so successful that within a few weeks she had enrolled a thousand of her stalwart clansmen, and by June 1794 they were equipped as the "100th Gordon Highlanders Regiment of Foot," and inspected at Aberdeen, which still remains the dépôt of the regiment. A few weeks later they had left Scotland for many years to come.

What a gorgeous creature the gallant Gordon must have looked as he paraded the streets of the Granite City on that June morning of 1794, to be inspected for the first time! The tartan he wore was that of the clan from which he was mainly recruited—dark green, with streaks of yellow running through it. The tunic, which ended at the waist, was scarlet with yellow facings and silver bullion epaulettes, displaying the thistle. His twelve-yard plaid would shame the shabby, useless scrap of tartan he wears to-day. His badger-skin sporran was decorated with six white tassels mounted with silver; his low-cut shoes sparkled with silver buckles—not hid, as now, by pipeclayed gaiters; his red and white tartan hose were gay with garter and rosette; and his vast black ostrich-feather bonnet inspired respect and admiration wherever he went.

And the Gordons went everywhere; for England was to have a heavy fighting time in the great struggle with France. Within three months of the initial inspection they were in Gibraltar (where they got their first colours, December 1799), Corsica, and Elba, and during the next thirty years they rarely were home for any length of time. By 1798 they were in such splendid form that when they left Wexford, after the rebellion was suppressed, the magistrates and inhabitants thanked Lord Huntly heartily for the service of his men. It was during that trip that they changed their number to the 92nd.

The Gordons got their christening in battle in Holland, where they came across Sir John Moore for the first time. At the battle of Egmont-op-Zee, fought on the seashore between Egmont and Bergen (October 1799), they were entrusted with the task of conveying twenty pieces of field artillery to the front, when they encountered 6000 of the enemy. Their Colonel, Lord Huntly, was wounded by a musket-ball, but they held their ground with

when they served with Wellington for the first time, impressing him by their courage. They impressed him a great deal more during the Peninsular War (1808-14). Indeed, to recount all their achievements there would entail a minute history of that terrible campaign. They lost their Colonel, Napier, at Corunna, where they greatly distinguished themselves under Moore, who had been the first great General they had fought for, who had used a Gordon as one of the supporters of his arms, and whose fate their officers still remember by wearing black instead of blue round the collar of the tunic. They occupied the lines of Torres Vedras with Wellesley. At the Pass of Maya their stern valour, as Napier puts it, "would have graced Thermopylae; so dreadful was the slaughter, especially of the 92nd, that the advancing enemy was actually stopped by the heaped mass of the dead and dying." At St. Pierre they charged four times, losing thirteen officers and 171 men. In fact, no single regiment came so brilliantly out of the Peninsular War as the Gordons.

Then came the famous French campaign. The Gordons had been home only a few months, when off they went to Belgium. The Gordons, indeed, had a good deal of the "guidin' o't" here, for the famous ball that took place before Quatre Bras was given by the Duchess of Richmond, the daughter of the woman who had raised them and has been immortalised by Byron, who was always proud of his Gordon blood. At Quatre Bras (June 16, 1815) they rendered conspicuous service. At a critical moment, when the French were unusually threatening, Wellington rode up to the Gordons, who lay in a ditch. "Ninety-Second," he said, "you must charge those fellows!" And they did. With one bound they were out of the ditch, throwing themselves on the enemy. They lost their Colonel, the dauntless Cameron, with four officers and thirty men, in the mêlée; but their gallantry goes down to posterity in the

their bayonets. Indeed, this is one of the few instances of crossing bayonets by large bodies of troops. Even the supernumerary rank of the Gordons was bayoneted. Three officers and sixty-five men fell, eleven other officers—including Donald McDonald, who led the Gordons at Waterloo—and 208 rank and file were wounded. Thus the Gordons for the first time justified the clan slogan which they adopted as a motto—"Byland," which means "Steadfast." The year 1801 found them in Egypt under Abercromby, who fell in the campaign. On the heights of Mandora, on March 13, though exposed to a galling fire of grape-shot, they advanced to the very muzzles of the guns of the French and took two field pieces and a howitzer, completely routing the enemy. They lost their Colonel, however, and ninety-nine of their men were either killed or wounded. At the battle of Alexandria, eight days later (March 21) forty-seven Gordons were killed or wounded; and at Aboukir they captured a battery, leaving Egypt with the right to wear the Sphinx, which still decorates their uniform. After a brief rest at home, during which they attended Nelson's funeral in London, they took part in the Danish campaign of 1807, War (1808-14).

is no more work to be done"; while even Napoleon himself was thunderstruck at "les braves Ecossais." Wellington found words needless. The Gordons, he wrote, had been so generally and highly appreciated in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo as to make praise from him "almost idle." To this day the Gordons hold high holiday on Waterloo Day.

Only for the second time in three-and-twenty years the Gordons found a brief rest in their native Scotland. In 1819 they were sent to Jamaica, where they lingered for eight years, losing 276 men and ten officers by a terrible scourge of yellow fever. There was no more active service for them till 1858, when they were sent to the Crimea after the fall of Sebastopol, and then India, where they joined in suppressing the Mutiny. And India was to form the scene of their next notable appearance, for they experienced all the trials of the Afghan Campaign of 1879, under Lord Roberts. It was this campaign that brought to the Gordons the only two Victoria Crosses they possess. At the battle of Charasiab, which was one of the series following the massacre of Sir Louis Cavagnari at Kabul (September 1879), the Gordons rendered notable service, and Major (now Sir George) White, the present Commander-in-Chief in India, won the cross by charging a fortified hill with only a few men. Major White, who had served with the Gordons since 1863, took part in the famous march to Kandahar, and at the battle of Kandahar, where no fewer than eighty of the Gordons fell, dashed ahead of his men and captured a gun. In December of the same year Lieutenant (now Colonel) Dick-Cunyngham, of the Gordons, seeing some hesitation among his men, raised his claymore aloft amid the fire of the Afghans and called on the Gordons to follow him. The effect was electric. The men dashed upon the pass, which was captured, and the young officer was decorated with the coveted cross. Lord Roberts' recent book, indeed, teems with references to the Gordons, and the fact that (like Sir John Moore) he has made a Gordon one of the supporters of his arms goes some way to justify the belief that they are his "favourite regiment." Certain it is that with Sir George White at the head of the Indian Army, the influence of the Gordons in the East has been emphasised, and their



THE 92ND ON THE MARCH TO KANDAHAR, 1879.

success last week was, in a way, foreshadowed. The Gordons were on their way home from Afghanistan when they were halted at the Cape to fight the Boers, their wives and children being sent home. They withstood the Boers at Majuba Hill until they were cut down, ninety-nine of their officers and men falling. The dog of the regiment, "Ghazi," who had been picked up in Afghanistan, and had gone through the campaign there, distinguished himself; he was the first to arrive at Newcastle, some three miles from Majuba Hill, bleeding and wounded, and with his medals lost. That foreshadowed the disaster. From this point the history of the Gordons includes that of the 75th.

The 75th have had a most meritorious career, although they are less known to the ordinary reader. They have had a tortuous history, buffeted about the world in a rather nondescript fashion. They were raised as a Highland regiment for service in India in 1787, ten years after the Scots, figuring as the 75th Highlanders or Stirlingshire Regiment, and wearing the kilt; but owing to the few Celts in their ranks, they were constantly out of Scotland. They were converted into an ordinary regiment of the foot twenty years later, being at one time attached to the same Dorsetshire Regiment with which they sealed the Dargai Pass last week; and for years they were stationed at Weymouth, in the heart of Hardyland. Having started their career in India, helping to build up our Empire there, it is exceedingly fitting that they should now figure so prominently in our extended influence on the northern frontier. They began far away in the south when Mysore was harried by Tipoo Sahib; hence the appearance of the Bengal tiger on their uniforms, which they now combine with the Sphinx of the Gordons. The 75th were, in fact, often the only white soldiers among the Sepoys. In the operations accompanying the attack on Bangalore, they covered the retreat of Abercromby with great success, and in the various attacks on Seringapatam, beginning in 1791, they had a leading place. It was



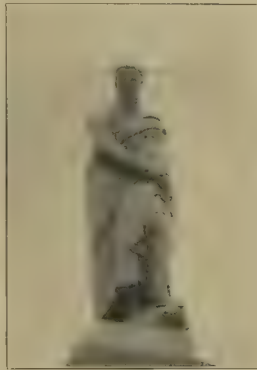
THE 1st BATTALION OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT TEL-EL-KEDIR, 1882.

here that the regiment on one occasion, after heart-breaking losses, was led by Corporal Roderick McKenzie and Sergeant Graham, the latter eventually losing his life at Bhurtpore in 1805. After this long spell of Indian warfare, they had a rest, and then were engaged in the troubles in the Kaffir War of 1834, during which they organised a troop of mounted infantry, the first on record in our Army. India again claimed the 75th when the Mutiny broke out. During the Siege of Delhi no fewer than three of the 75th won the Victoria Cross. On June 8,

1857, Colour-Sergeant Coghlan entered a building held by the rebels, and under heavy fire carried off a wounded private. On another occasion he pulled off his helmet and cheered a hesitating party into attacking a party of rebels, not one of whom escaped; and under a cross-fire he rescued the wounded. On July 18

THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND (NÉE LADY CHARLOTTE GORDON) WHO GAVE THE FAMOUS WATERLOO BALL.

Sergeant Wadeson, who afterwards rose to be Colonel of the regiment, rescued a fellow soldier, bayonetting a mutineer trooper on the spot, and towards sunset he did exactly the same double act of heroism for another comrade. On Sept. 11 Private Green rescued a comrade, and was presented with the cross on the spot by the Commander-in-Chief—a very rare occurrence. Among other daring deeds done by the 75th during the Mutiny may be mentioned the hard-fought action at Badli-ke-Serai, when they captured the mutineers' heaviest battery and occupied the enemy's position—but with a loss of eleven officers and sixty-two men. They also formed part of Sir Colin Campbell's famous relief column which brought joy to Lucknow. In 1872 they were again fighting



A photo by Miss Helen, Aberdeen.
GRANITE STATUE OF THE DUKE WHO
RAISED THE REGIMENT.

lost two officers, while thirty file were either killed or wounded, for they had formed the front face of the square. In this action they were accompanied by the dog of the regiment, "Juno," who was publicly decorated with a silver collar in the march past at Cairo. A beautiful granite monument to their memory stands in the Duthie Park, Aberdeen. In 1884-85 they took part in the expedition which was sent up the Nile to relieve General Gordon, and in 1895 they were

the Kaffirs, and ten years later they were part of Sir Archibald Alison's Highland Brigade, being the first regiment to land in Egypt. In this campaign they were assisted by men from the second battalion, two hundred being sent out to begin with, along with the pipers, for the 75th had just been converted into Highlanders and had to be trained in the ways of a kilted corps. From time to time, as the war went on, more men were sent out from the second battalion, some being the merest recruits. At the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir the Gordons of their rank and for they had formed



BONNET WORN BY THE DUCHESS WHILE RECRUITING FOR GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

back in India fighting the Chitralis, and distinguishing themselves in a remarkable way in the storming of the Malakand Pass. And now once again they have added to their honours in a similar task.

It is interesting to remember how the 75th, though brigaded with the Dorsetshire, though driven hither and thither over the world, have clung to their Scottish origin. In 1863 they got permission to wear a diced border round their forage caps so as to distinguish them from the ordinary English regiment of the Line, which they resembled in all other respects. In 1881, when they became linked to the Gordons, they had, of course, to abandon trousers for the kilt. The change was effected when the regiment was stationed at Malta, and was not universally appreciated. Major Vandeleur's company erected an obelisk ten feet high, in the pretty gardens behind the Floriana Barracks, and carved on it this epitaph, which you may see to this day—

Here lies the poor old 75th, but under God's protection
They'll rise again in kilt and hose, a glorious resurrection:
For by the trans-formative powers of Parliamentary laws,
They go to bed the 75th and rise the Ninety-Two.

For a time the converted 75th were known as the Strada Reale Highlanders, and the military joker of the day defined the difference between the Gordons and the 75th as that between Real, and Reale, Highlanders. Though the Gordons, both battalions, are old, they are full of the vigour of youth, and the twenty odd campaigns that already crowd their colours will not be disgraced by their later achievements.



THE DUCHESS OF GORDON WHO RAISED
THE REGIMENT.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.—HARI SING: CONVOY OF GURKHAS AND GORDON HIGHLANDERS EN ROUTE TO FORT JAMRUD.

From a Photograph by Captain T. T. Pimman, 11th Hussars.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.—WITH GENERAL YEATMAN BIGGS'S COLUMN: THE GURKHAS CLEARING THE GAGRA HEIGHTS, SAMANA RIDGE.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Pulley, 3rd Gurkhas.



SHOOTING TURKEYS IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA.

A turkey is put into a rough wooden cage, and those wishing for sport pay the owner so many cents per shot. The bird eventually becomes the property of the man who succeeds in shooting it through the head.

DEATH OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE, DUCHESS OF TECK.



THE DUCHESS OF TECK AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MAY, DUCHESS OF YORK.

From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Prince Alexander.

Princess May.

Prince Francis.

Prince Adolphus.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK AND FAMILY.

From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

The Duchess of Teck.

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THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.



WITH THE KURRAM VALLEY FIELD FORCE: A FIELD POST OFFICE.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Palley, Gurkha Rifles.



THE 1ST AND 3RD BRIGADES OF THE MOHMAND FIELD FORCE MEETING IN THE LAKARAI VALLEY, THE 3RD BRIGADE HAVING MARCHED FROM NAWAGAI TERRITORY, AND THE 1ST FROM SHADKADR.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant H. Maclear.

ART NOTES.

The Institute of Painters in Oils has opened the picture season with a counsel of perfection by which other art bodies might with advantage be guided. The number of the pictures on the walls has been reduced by nearly one-half, and with obvious benefit to the artists and public alike. There is now only one more point to be gained in order to make the autumn show at the Institute the most attractive of the season—and that is, to provide a better collection of pictures. There is, thanks to the careful selection, nothing very bad in the rooms, but at the same time there is nothing remarkably good, for although the Institute has stretched out a hand to the Royal Academy on the one side and to the New English Art Club on the other, the general level of the pictures by members and outsiders is one of conventional mediocrity. Sir James Linton, the President, is scarcely seen at his best in the porcelain smoothness of his "Rest" (245), a young dandy of questionable nationality enjoying the sunny brightness of an English landscape. Mr. G. F. Watts's "Study" (291) may be taken as a converse of the President's work; a very English girl, painted in rich Venetian tones. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that Mr. J. Olsson, at least, has not moderated any of his enthusiasm for brilliant colouring, irrespective of the impressions of others. In the "Sirens' Pool" (103) are to be found the usual defects of his style, exemplified here in a lumpy, wooden sea, combined with rocks under forced limelight illumination. Mr. C. N. Kennedy, hitherto uninfected by the methods of the impressionists, sends a blurred mass of painting, which he describes as "A Ship of the Armada" (128), an instance of the teaching of the New English Art school which it is hoped will not attract many imitators. Mr. W. Llewellyn, who is better known as a portrait-painter, shows a very delicate touch in landscape and sea-mist, his "Silver Light" (314) and "The End of the Day" (360) being among the most attractive studies of atmospheric effect in the galleries, while his lighter sketch of "Whitby" (157) at evening is almost a reminiscence of some of the late Alfred Hunt's work on the same spot. Mr. Walter Sickert's "Bridge of the Rialto" (363) is interesting as showing how this well-worn theme strikes an artist who sees most things differently from the rest of his fellow-creatures; and Mr. Matthew Hale's contributions, "When Might was Right" (82) and "San, Wind, and Sea" (230), have apparently been suggested by a recent newspaper controversy on the habits of seaside visitors.

Of the members of the Institute to whose work we have become accustomed by long experience, the landscape-painters show the more versatility, although they cling to the same districts. For Mr. Frank Walton, the Holmwood country round Leith Hill offers varied subjects, of which he makes an intelligent study. For Mr. Wimperis, Dartmoor is the favourite haunt, and in its ever-changing moods he finds inspiration. Mr. Orrock is more unsettled, but this year the border country by the Solway Firth has attracted him. Mr. Leslie Thomson's most successful picture, "The New Moon" (179), vividly recalls the moorland scenery round Wareham. Mr. Dudley Hardy's two pictures, "A Nomad" (36) and "The Stream" (42), might belong to any place where rich foliage was found—in Devonshire, or even on the river banks of the Black Forest; unfortunately, his pictures are too dark to be seen satisfactorily. Mr. Alexander Mann's "Green Pastures" (114) are too green and too uniform in texture; but Mr. Ammonier is, as ever, bright and cheerful in his treatment of Sussex scenery; and Mr. Walter Osborne's "Commemora Village" (242) gives a delightful idea of the beauties of an Irish evening. Mr. Claude Hayes' "Gathering Osiers" (325), Mr. Alfred East's excellent rendering of the Peard country between Abberville and Amiens (357), and Mr. Alfred Withers' "White Mill" (377) and "Linn Mill" (395) are among the most successful works in this branch.

In portraits the exhibition does not abound, but such works as Mr. Chevallier Taylor's portrait of Dr. Fenton (346) and Mr. Frank Topham's of Mrs. Warwick (330) are quite worthy of notice. Of figure subjects there is no lack, but, happily, the anecdotal pictures are much less in evidence. Mr. J. A. Lomax's "Odd Trick" (333) and "Fortune's Favourite" (268) have considerable spirit as well as merit, and belong to true *genre* work. Less so are Mr. Grierson's "Dancing Lesson" (46) and Mr. Almond's "Country Cousin" (277), both inspired by Orchardson. Mr. Fantin Latour's "Diana" (292) is a very fine bit of moonlight painting; and Mr. J. Clark's "Thoughts" (34)—the study of a child's head—Mr. St. George Hare's "A Dangerous Playmate" (374), and Mr. John R. Reid's strongly painted "Daughter of the Soil" (398) are very creditable works in their respective ways; and they are by no means the only ones in an exhibition which shows signs of having been weeded before the public were invited to visit it.

Reserving for a future occasion our remarks on the exhibition of Portrait Painters, we may say that the Society of Miniaturists, which also has a display at the Grafton Galleries, would, we think, do well to pause before holding exhibitions at such frequent intervals. Their art, which had fallen into neglect, has of late been revived, and it will not bear the forcing process of unlimited competition. Excellence can only be attained in miniatures by patience, and the mistake into which many workers in this line fall is that they can finish their pictures rapidly. Of the most successful who exhibit here only a very small number seem to think it necessary to model their work upon the examples of their predecessors. Mr. Alfred Praga, Miss Olga Morgan, Mrs. Emily Barnard, and the Misses Hall are those who seem to come nearer than the others to the miniaturists of bygone days. Of these there is a small but interesting collection brought together by Dr. Williamson, and a number of the Stafford-Jermingham miniatures, which as *miniatures pour servir* for the history of an English Catholic family which has retained its faith from pre-Reformation times, are in the highest degree interesting as well as artistically attractive.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

LEURIZA (Birmingham).—We are exceedingly sorry we made such a mistake, but surely there was nothing in our remarks to call for your postcard. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

E. P. KENNETT (Sevenoaks).—Your problems shall have attention.

T. H. ASHALL (Dorset).—The solution 1. K to Q R sq, followed by 2. Q to Kt sq, etc. We cannot reply by post.

E. J. SHARPE (Clapton).—The composer of No. 2791 will be pleased with your appreciation.

J. LARK RALPH (Tisbury).—The main variation is sufficient, although a complete analysis, such as you send, indicates a thorough study of the position.

F. R. G. (Birmingham).—We congratulate you upon your success, and the coincidence is noteworthy.

W. L. BRESTON (Sunderby).—B to Q 5th is the key move.

C. G.—We require the name, in confidence, of composers contributing problems before we can examine them.

H. W. L. LARSON (Devon).—Your problem was not up to our standard. We regret to hear of your accident.

J. K. M. (Repton).—You are certainly to be congratulated on so smart a performance, and if you give no more time than you mention, chess will not seriously interfere with your studies.

B. GOWAL MUTTY CALL.—Your problem is marked for publication.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2785 received from C. A. M. (Denning); of No. 2788 from John J. Dilditch (Weybridge) and James Clark (Cheshire); of No. 2790 from H. H. Brooks, Montague Lubbock, A. B. Almondbury, James Clark (Cheshire), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), H. B. Brandreth (Corfu), and G. Hinchab (Berlin); of No. 2791 from H. S. Brandreth (Corfu), A. B. Almondbury, Alpha, P. Glanville, E. G. Boys, G. T. Hughes (Portsmouth), T. V. Semik (Prague), Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), D. Newton (Lisbon), C. E. M. (Ayr), J. Lake Ralph (Tisbury), and Captain J. A. Challie (Great Yarmouth).

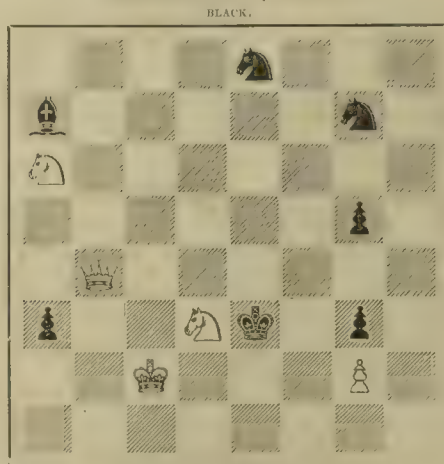
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2792 received from H. D'O. Bernard, J. M. Keen (Fulham), Edward J. Sharpe, C. E. M. (Ayr), W. D. A. Barnard (Uppingham), J. K. M. (Repton), G. T. Hughes (Portsmouth), E. G. Boys, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), P. Glanville, R. H. Brooks, Alpha, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), T. Roberts, E. London, Montague Lubbock, H. Le Jeanne, E. B. Ford (Cheltenham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), T. G. Ware, M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), A. E. McIntosh (Kingsdown), J. Meredith (Hoxton), F. J. Candy (Norwich), Frank Proctor, R. H. Brooks (Cardiff), G. Hinchab (Berlin), H. E. Ward, J. Lake Ralph, J. Bailey (Newark), A. B. Almondbury, W. H. Pyre Jones (Avalon), Joseph Willcock (Cheshire), T. V. Semik (Prague), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), Shadforth, G. Hawkins (Cambridge), C. E. Bernard, J. F. Moon, Thomas Harrington, Miles Kay, J. A. Keen, Blunt, James Rolfe (Clifton), John G. Ford (Castleton), and H. C. Swaine (Croydon).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2791.—By H. D'O. BERNARD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to B 3th. K to B 3th.
2. Kt takes B P. K takes Kt.
3. R to B Mates. Any move

If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, 2. Kt to B 2nd (ch); if 1. K to B 3th, 2. Q to Kt sq; and if 1. P to B 3th, then 2. Q to Q 3rd (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2794.—By F. HEALEY.



WHITE. BLACK.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Berlin Tournament between Messrs. Tschornomir and Mance.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	28. R to Q Kt sq	B takes R P
2. Q to K 2nd		29. Kt to Q 6th	Q to R 4th
3. K moves of White's leads in this case to a sudden struggle for the advantage of position.		30. Kt takes R	R takes Kt
1. B to K 2nd	P to K 2nd	31. Q to Kt 7th	R to K B sq
2. P to K 4th 3rd	P to Q 4th	32. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
3. R to K 2nd	P to K 2nd	33. P to B 5th	Q to R 7th
4. Kt to K R 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	34. R to Q sq	P to Q 5th
5. Kt to Q 3rd	P takes P	35. R to Q 3rd	Q to R 4th
6. P takes P	Castles	36. R to B 2nd	
7. Kt to B 4th	Kt to Q 5th		
8. Castles	P to Q 4th		
9. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 4th		
10. B to K 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd		
11. Q to K 2nd	P to Q 3rd		
12. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 5th		
13. Q to K 2nd	P to Q 4th		
14. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 6th		
15. Q to Q sq	Q R to B sq		
16. R to K sq	R to R sq		
17. P to Q 2nd	R to K 2nd		
18. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 2nd		
19. R takes B	R takes B		
20. P to K B 4th	K R to Q sq		
21. R takes Kt	P takes B		
22. Kt to K 4th	Q R to B sq		
23. Q R to B sq	Kt to B 4th		
24. Q to K 2nd	Kt to R 5th		
25. Q to K 4th	Q to B 3rd		
26. R to K 2nd	R to K 4th		
27. Q to B 3rd	K takes P		

The game really turns upon this interesting service, which ought apparently to have turned out better.

The match for the draughts championship of the world between Messrs. Jordan and Stewart, held at Edinburgh, excited much interest among experts, and produced a fine struggle. The result ended in Mr. Jordan's retaining the title against his challenger with a final score of Jordan 4, Stewart 2, drawn 81.

The death is announced of Mr. B. English, one of the competitors in the recent Berlin Tourney. The deceased broke down in the course of the contest, and there is little doubt the strain hastened his end. His play was exceedingly careful and sound, with a strong tendency towards securing draws rather than a successful termination.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Among the important sanitary questions which the Maudstone typhoid epidemic has been the means of raising, is that having reference to the manner in which typhoid fever is liable to convey its germs to healthy persons. Cholera and typhoid are alike in this respect, that they are propagated usually through the medium of polluted water. When a drinking-supply has been contaminated by typhoid germs coming from the bodies of patients and conveyed to the water in sewage from drains allowed to pollute the water, everyone who drinks the water incurs a liability to infection. What gives typhoid to one person, in other words, gives it to all. This is indirect infection, for typhoid and cholera, unlike certain other infectious diseases (such as measles, typhus, scarlet fever and the like), are not, as a rule, infectious from person to person. The poisons of typhoid and cholera, or, in other words, the germs of the diseases, are contained in the discharges of the patients; and it is this infectious material, escaping into drains without being disinfected, and gaining access to a water-supply, which is the cause of epidemics.

Cholera has practically disappeared from our midst, because we have improved our water supplies all round, and because we guard our shores from cholera-invasion. But one case of cholera allowed to pollute water, or one case of typhoid permitted to act as a contaminating agency, will spread the disease to a whole district. In the case of typhoid fever, the records of sanitation teem with instances in which one patient carelessly treated in the matter of disinfection has been the source of thousands of cases. It must be borne in mind, however, that while a pure water-supply is thus liable to be contaminated, the special soil in which the typhoid microbe breeds and grows is a water or a soil polluted by sewage. Wherever soil and subsoil are sewage-logged, and wherever we find dirt reigning in place of cleanliness, there, not only typhoid fever, but diphtheria and other ailments, are liable to appear. The question, therefore, naturally occurs if typhoid fever may be propagated in other ways than by our drinking polluted water or milk. In face of the "saving knowledge" which is represented by the information whence our diseases arise, this latter question is one of supreme importance.

I may incidentally mention that the germ or microbe of typhoid fever has been fully described, and its development studied. The microbe is known as the Eberth-Gaffky germ, and its invariable presence in the discharges of typhoid, and in the spleen and other organs, may be taken as indicating its exact relationship as the cause of the ailment. Whether or not typhoid fever can be conveyed by the air—that is to say, whether or not its germs can become dried so as to form part and parcel of the floating matter of the air—is an open question. One often hears the phrase that typhoid fever has resulted from "bad drains," in the sense that foul air and sewer-gases escaping into our houses, are believed to represent the means of infection. This point is still to be regarded as a debatable matter in hygiene. There is no *a priori* reason why typhoid germs should not reach us in sewer-emanations. We know that other germs may be diffused by the air, and exist in a dried state, while preserving their virulence, for lengthened periods. Typhoid fever is always worst where drainage defects exist; and conversely, as Buchanan showed, where drainage has been improved and made secure, typhoid decreases. Doubtless, too, if fresh typhoid matter can give rise to infection from its emanations, sewer-gases may be regarded as constituting as likely a source of attack. But mere sewage alone, minus the typhoid germ, cannot, of course, convey the disease. It is a specific trouble which demands a specific cause—namely, its microbe—for its development and propagation. Nurses, as a rule, do not take typhoid fever, because they are careful to disinfect the infectious matter; but cases of infection do occur, when carelessness in disinfection is represented, and when from soiled clothes the fever microbes may be diffused.

A recent report communicated to the Paris Academy of Medicine by MM. Kelsch and Simonin associates typhoid infection with the presence of dust which had become infected with typhoid microbes through want of care in disinfecting typhoid material. Thus, in certain barracks, eighteen cases of the disease occurred. The water-supply was found to be beyond suspicion. Travelling back in their inquiries, the investigators found that three cases of the disease had been nursed, nine months before, in the room of the barracks where the disease first appeared in the case of the eighteen patients. The source of infection was believed to be the dust of the room, which had been impregnated by typhoid germs from the preceding three cases; and this view appears to receive confirmation from the fact that when the floor was duly renewed, and disinfection carried out thoroughly, the epidemic ceased. In another case where the water was also ascertained to be free from pollution, the germs of typhoid were found in the dust. It would, therefore, appear that the risk of typhoid infection is not limited to water-pollution. Aerial infection is a possibility, as in the case of smallpox and other ailments in which the germs are liable to be given off directly to the air from the patient's skin. These ideas serve to strengthen the case for absolute and careful disinfection of all typhoid matter; for only by killing the germs of the ailment at once, can any adequate measure of security be afforded to those who are well.

A lady correspondent writes suggesting that mountain air, to which topic I alluded recently in this column, does not always act as a bracing medium. In her own case she experiences better health at a low level. My correspondent's case only proves the doctrine I have often preached here, that we cannot lay down a universal rule as regards climate, or anything else, which will suit everybody. The idea of the relativity of things holds good especially in matters connected with our physical constitution. Some of us regard everybody as having been cast in a like mould to everybody else. This is the mistake vegetarians and other faddists make. From particulars they argue on to universals, and come to grief as a result.

LITERATURE

BRET HARTE'S NEW BOOK.

Very welcome in its freshness, for its breath of mountain-air and fragrant pine, for its strong, true grasp of human nature, and its portrayal of men and women as they are—some "white all through," some with a "bit of the brunette" in them—is Bret Harte's latest story, *Three Partners*; or, *The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill* (Chatto and Windus). It is not a long story, yet it is not a short one; and the latter is, perhaps, the reason why the book, although entirely in the master's manner, is not in his most perfect manner—viewed as a whole, that is; for of course there are microcosmic moments when the perfect short story is found like a precious nugget in the "pocket" of the entire work. Perhaps an author is not bound to run to earth all the hares he starts, still the reader has his reasonable expectations; and in "Three Partners," especially in the incident of the finger, one is inclined to feel that expectation is scarcely satisfied. The reader's expectation, however, may not have been reasonable, and the same may be the case with his hopes for the fortunes in love of Jim Stacy and Phil Demorest. But with these diffidently proposed suggestions, all carping is at an end. The prologue alone is so true to the Bret Harte of yore that it seems churlish, after the enjoyment even of that—not to mention the body of the book—to obtrude finikin hypercriticisms because the author seems to have missed something in the final working out of his plot. To sketch the fortunes of Phil Demorest, Jim Stacy, and George Barker, who made the big strike, would be superfluous here. Yet it may whet the reader's appetite to know that of these three fortunate ones only one, George Barker, the eternally trustful, got married, and from that marriage springs much of the story. There is trouble, of course, and another woman, but the other woman is not bad. She, Mrs. Horncastle, is a creature so human, so generous, so full of spirit, that one is reconciled to the chapter of accidents, albeit a trifle mechanical, which finally rid her of her adversaries. She is the most real in a group of characters where not one is a puppet, but all are living men and women. Among them we welcome an old friend, Jack Hamlin, cool, grave, alert, and opportune as when we met him long ago in company with Brown of Calaveras. In "Three Partners," Jack's part is subordinate, but he is the old Jack Hamlin, romantic of looks, sweet of voice, and presumably, although this is less in evidence, still a "professional exponent" of poker. Altogether the book is admirable, and happily convinces us that this "Valclutha fountain" of Bret Harte springs as fresh as ever, and that we may hope often to return thither "to muse among its rocks and pines."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- Studies in Two Literatures.* By Arthur Symonds. (Leonard Smithers.)
Old Tales from Greece. By Alice Zimmern. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
Criticisms, Reflections, and Maxims of Goethe. Translated by W. B. Rimmfeldt. (Walter Scott.)
The "Paradise" Coal-Boat. By Cutcliffe Hyne. (James Bowden.)
Fishers of the Day. By F. S. Lowndes. (Grant Richards.)
H. de Balzac: The Sunny Side of History. Translated by Clara Bell. (J. M. Dent and Co.)
Methodist Idylls. By Harry Lindsay. (James Bowden.)
Old Times in Middle Georgia. By R. M. Johnston. (The Macmillan Company.)
Edmund Routledge's Date-Book. (George Routledge and Sons.)

With the exception of some which appeared in the "Henry Irving Shakespeare," the "Studies" of Mr. Arthur Symonds comprise those of his critical contributions during the last ten years to periodicals and journals which he thinks worthy of reproduction in a collective form. Their range is wide indeed, extending from Shakespeare and Massinger to the latest freak of the French "Symbolists," a wildly extravagant farce in which human actors disguise and comport themselves as puppets. From beginning to end, the volume, with its abundance of vividly and vigorously written estimates of poets and prose writers, old and new, English and French, is interesting, and many of the essays in it will be read with both pleasure and profit. Mr. Symonds is an original critic, not an echoer of popular verdicts, and the standard by their conformity to which he metes out praise and blame to the writers on whom he sits in judgment is both a high one and entirely his own. He writes an admirable style, full of life and colour, and only occasionally disfigured by a certain affectation of phrase. His appreciation of such verse as that of Christina Rossetti and of Coventry Patmore, and of such prose as Walter Pater's, is delightfully enthusiastic, though sometimes his laudation of isolated verbal felicities in the authors whom he most favours seems a little exaggerated. The seriousness with which Mr. Symonds regards the functions of the literary judge, and the conscientious earnestness with which he discharges them, ought to exert a very wholesome influence on English criticism. More might be said of the striking volume had not its principal contents become, from the mode in which they were first published, familiar to a large circle of cultivated readers.

Scholarship, experience as an educator, and the gift of imparting pleasantly what she knows, have enabled Miss Alice Zimmern to contribute to the "Children's Study" series a charming little volume of Greek mythology and legend for young people. She has not attempted, she says, to turn into fairy tales the stories which she tells with perfect simplicity, knowing that when unadorned they are adorned the most. Young readers will fasten with avidity on Miss Zimmern's rendering of the Greek cosmogony, her stories of gods and heroes, the exploits of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, Jason, Achilles, and the "tale of Troy divine," with those wanderings of Ulysses which are

quite as interesting to juveniles and far more impressive in their close than the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor. She has also adapted for young readers some of the most famous of the Greek tragic dramas—the "Prometheus," "Antigone," "Alceste," and "Edipus." While avoiding prudery in her adaptations, Miss Zimmern sees that there are things to be softened or omitted in the Greek legends when they are reproduced for the recreation of the young. For instance, in telling the terrible story of Edipus she has made no mention of Jocasta. Her English verse translations from the Greek which she has interspersed in her prose narratives are well chosen and happily executed.

In making his selections from Goethe's prose, the translator has done something to commend them to English readers by placing in the forefront of the volume sundry criticisms of the greatest of German on the greatest of English poets, Shakespeare. They include the famous analysis of "Hamlet" in "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," which extorted the unwilling admiration of Jeffrey himself in his "Philistine" review of Carlyle's translation of "Meister." A very much less known but decidedly curious fragment is an essay on Shakespeare written by Goethe when he was only twenty-two, and read by him on the occasion of a Shakespearean celebration at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, his birthplace. It is interesting to contrast the ebullient fervour of the young Goethe's Shakespeare-worship with the calm and discriminating criticism of his maturer years. Both from the great variety of themes touched on and from their frequent point and pregnancy, the collection of Goethe's brief maxims and reflections will

and in others of the same unpromising-looking class, Mr. Hyne seems to have struck out a new genre of fiction, in which unscrupulous ship-owners prey on the necessities of unsuccessful skippers and tempt them to become their instruments in wrecking vessels for the sake of the insurance money. The plots of almost all Mr. Hyne's stories are not only skilfully contrived, but original. He is a good character—painter, and of wonderful ingenuity in the invention of interesting situations. Care and concentration seem to be all that he needs to give him a high rank among writers of sensational fiction.

Mr. F. S. Lowndes has compiled a biographical dictionary of all the prelates in the Anglican communion. His work is clearly marked off from the once familiar volumes of Mr. Arnold, "Our Bishops and Deans." Mr. Arnold dealt with a selection, Mr. Lowndes with the whole flock. Mr. Arnold was descriptive and critical, Mr. Lowndes is more fully and solely biographical. The comprehensive nature of the newer work is the more welcome just now when the Lambeth Conference has been flooding the country with prelates whose names and titles were unfamiliar to the English eye. Of the American, as well as our own Colonial and Missionary Bishops, Mr. Lowndes has been able to obtain full accounts. A few words in his preface support the reasonable conjecture that the prelates were invited to make or unmake their own statements, and that a majority were complacently explicit. This may be accepted as some apology for the lack of proportion which is one of the few faults of the book.

It would not occur to the average Churchman that the career of Bishop Beckles deserved a fuller account than that of the Bishop of Bath and Wells; that the Bishop of Ballarat could have justice only in twice as much space as served for the Bishop of Chichester; or that the Archbishop of Ontario was relatively more important than the Archbishop of York. Sometimes a Bishop fares ill, and gets little more than a string of dates. In such cases the turning-point of the career is nearly always ignored. To take the first three instances tested: The account of the Bishop of Truro chronicles his work at Leeds only by dates. The same treatment is given to the Colonial Episcopate of the present Bishop of Bath and Wells, and to the East London work of Bishop Billing. In these cases the circumstances which led to the choice of each as a Bishop here at home are practically ignored. The impression left by the book is, indeed, the conviction that it is the work of a careful, discreet, and impartial compiler, who has no very intimate knowledge of his subject. But this, while limiting its value in the eyes of the few, does not keep it from being an exceedingly useful handbook. Every well-informed Churchman should find a place for it on his shelves.

In his usual preface to the new volume of the English translation of Balzac's *œuvres complètes*, the "Comédie," Professor Saintsbury is not emphatic in his praise of the two fictions which it contains, and if in such a case he is rather lukewarm, other critics are not likely to be enthusiastic. The earlier written of the two, "Z. Maroon," is the story of an "earnest" but unsuccessful Parisian journalist, of whom it records the protest against the Government and professional politicians of France when the reign of Louis Philippe was half finished. Portions of the other story, "Madame de la Chanterie," and its sequel, were written so late as the Revolution of 1848, and breathe its humanitarian spirit, but in combination with Roman Catholic zeal. It is a description of a private social organisation of strenuous adherents of Catholicism, who devote themselves to charitable and philanthropic work in Paris. Its tendency is one uncommon in Balzac's writings, and it is so far noticeable, but it is too much encumbered with irrelevant and tedious episodes to rank among his successful productions.

Mr. Lindsay's "Methodist Idylls" are stories and sketches of Methodist life in a Gloucestershire village. They are interesting to outsiders from the glimpses which they give of the workings of Methodism in a rural district. Mr. Lindsay is evidently a devoted member of that communion, but he does not hesitate to indicate the worldly spirit of personal ambition which occasionally influences Methodist office-bearers and leaders, as well as the unhappiness which may be produced in Methodist families by spiritual zeal without knowledge. One of the best stories in the volume is that of a girl in a Methodist family whose father makes home intolerable to her by his fanatical denunciations of the innocent amusements in which she sometimes indulges. She flies from home to Liverpool, but the principles implanted in her by her Methodist training save her from the ruin which, in fiction, often follows on such a step. The slow dawning of remorse for his harshness in the father's mind is very skilfully described. When she returns to him, and to a little brother for whom she has been pining, the father has seen the error of his ways, and turns over a new leaf. It is a Methodist idyll well told.

The most indulgent of critics would find it difficult to praise Mr. Johnston's tales and sketches of "Middle Georgia," or to discover in them anything that could interest English readers. Dullness is the prevailing note of his volume. His characters are insipid and his dialogues pointless; and as to story, like Canning's needy knife-grinder, he has none to tell.

A word of welcome is due to Mr. Edmund Routledge's moderately priced "Date-Book," from the Creation to the year 1897. It grows in fullness as it approaches the present time, is handy for reference, and is provided with an ample index.



Photo Tull, Baker Street.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXIX.—MR. BRET HARTE.

Mr. Francis Bret Harte, known throughout the English-speaking world as the chronicler-in-chief of Californian manners, was born in 1839 at Albany, New York. As a boy of fifteen he went to California, and there became, in turn, miner, schoolmaster, printer, and eventually editor of a newspaper. At five-and-twenty he was appointed Secretary of the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco, and fourteen years later became United States Consul at Crefeld, whence he was transferred to Glasgow in 1880. For the last twelve years, however, he has devoted himself chiefly to the literary work by which he long ago became famous. He was the first editor of the *Overland Monthly*, established in 1868, and in its pages much of his early work, in prose and verse, made its first appearance, notably "The Heathen Chinee."

probably be found the most generally attractive of the contents of the volume. Life, character, conduct, culture, literature—everything is glanced at. Goethe's maxims, the fruit of long experience and of his most meditative hours, are full of condensed wisdom, and are never more valuable than when they suggest more than they say. The translator has performed his task—far from an easy one—very fairly, though the reader is too often reminded that the English is that of a foreigner. His introduction, a critical estimate of Goethe, is intelligently appreciative, and he deserves praise for having pointed attention to the high value of some at least of Goethe's contributions to science. The brief "biographical note" prefixed to the volume contains a curious blunder. Goethe is represented as having accompanied the Grand Duke of Weimar "on a journey to the Champagne." Readers who are familiar—not a very numerous class—with Goethe's "Campaign in France" may have an inkling of what is meant. To all others, the statement will be simply unintelligible.

Some of the short stories in Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's volume are really masterpieces of their kind, and all of them are strikingly effective. Not the least remarkable of their characteristics are the great variety of the scenes in which they are laid, the seeming truth of their local colouring, and the congruity between the actors in them and the environment. Mr. Hyne appears equally at home on the West Coast of Africa, Portuguese and English, in Florida and the Alleghanies, among the Balearic Islands and South American Republics, and even in Lapland, finding everywhere romantic or stirring adventures. Moreover, in the story which gives a title to the volume, "The Paradise Coal-Boat," a collier plying between the Tyne and the Thames



HOW THEY GET GOLD AT KLONDIKE.

Drawn by Edward Roper.

EVOLUTION IN GREAT NATIONAL INDUSTRIES.

We are on the eve of a great revolution in another of our vast national industries. Electricity, with its resistless forces, having captured strongholds in many leading manufactures, has, after years of siege, overthrown the old and wasteful method of extracting the indispensable sodas, chlorine, bleaching-powders, and the numerous products derived from common salt brine.

Those who have travelled to or from Liverpool or through Cheshire will not readily forget the miles and miles of works which are engaged in the manufacture of chemicals. These miles and miles of works are there because salt is there in such abundance, and salt is the chief source of our leading chemicals. We all know the salt of our dinner-table, but all of us may not know what a wonderful compound it is, nor how the many useful chemicals composing it are separated the one from the other. Up to the present moment, these separating processes have been largely dependent on ordinary chemical reactions.

THE PRESENT PROCESS.

Chlorine, it may be well to mention, is a greenish-yellow gaseous element, with a remarkable affinity for oxygen, which makes it a very effective decomposer of compounds into which oxygen enters, and these compounds are innumerable. Hence its power for bleaching, deodorising, and disinfecting. In the form of chloride of lime it is known in every household. The efficacy of common salt in preserving meats, fish, and so forth, is equally well known, and that efficacy is due to the presence in the salt of chlorine.

Besides chlorine, the salt consists of sodium, and to get the chlorine isolated the salt has hitherto been treated with sulphuric acid or vitriol. This, entering into combination with the sodium in the salt, produces sulphate of soda, chlorine or hydrochloric acid gas being given off.

Now, in the making of bleaching-powder, this hydrochloric acid is treated with oxide of manganese in large stills, into which steam is passed. This leads to a reaction, in which chloride of manganese is formed, but a certain portion of the chlorine remains free. This free chlorine is all that can be used in manufacturing the bleaching-powder, but even so not half of this enters into the finished powder. The free chlorine is then conducted into large lead chambers, in the bottom of which slaked lime is placed. The lime absorbs the chlorine to the extent of 38 per cent., and thus charged with chlorine becomes the bleaching-powder of commerce. It is then packed into barrels for use.

It will be readily seen from this description of the process that in the manufacture of bleaching-powder and caustic soda and soda-ash by the present process there is a great waste of chlorine, because a large portion of chlorine is carried away along with the manganese as chloride of manganese when the stills are cleaned out. In addition to this, even the manganese itself used to be wasted, until the process known as the Weldon process was adopted. This process consists in neutralising, or rendering inert, the chloride of manganese with lime dust, and permitting it to stand in tanks until the clear liquor remains on the top of the undecomposed matters. This clear liquor is then run into large vessels, where milk of lime is added, and a blast of air driven through, and thus a portion of the oxide of manganese is recovered in the form of mud, and can be used over again in the stills. Even in this case, however, chloride of calcium is formed through the lime and chlorine uniting, and a great loss of chlorine is the result. By

THE NEW PROCESS

all this loss may now be avoided.

Hitherto it has been possible only in the experimental laboratory to apply electricity to the manufacture of chemicals that are so largely derived from salt. The practical difficulties that stood in the way of commercial success have at length been overcome by Rhodin's Patent Electrolytical Apparatus, and we are now on the eve of witnessing a new development in applied electricity that will mark an era in the history of the chemical trade.

All these substances may now be produced by Rhodin's Apparatus in a way as much superior to the old way as the modern railway express is to the old stage-coach. What this means to civilisation is, perhaps, difficult to forecast, for it must lead to a cheapening, not only of the chemicals themselves, but also of the endless fabrics and commodities they enter into. These comprise linen, calicoes, etc.

What this new process is and how the heavy losses incurred by the old processes are prevented must now be explained. It is a common experiment, for instance, in chemistry class-rooms to subject a saturated solution of salt to the passage of an electric current, thereby decomposing the salt, chlorine being given off at the positive pole of the current, and sodium at the negative. But the poles must be in separate chambers, else the products of decomposition—the chlorine and the sodium—get mixed

together in the solution, and become so difficult of separation that the process is commercially a failure. In experiments, the poles are separated by a porous diaphragm, but in operating on a large scale as business requirements necessitate, no substance has yet been found which, in the electrolysed liquid, when the one side has become saturated with sodium and the other side with chlorine, does not rapidly deteriorate and break up. Thus again the products of decomposition—the chlorine and the sodium—get mixed, and though mechanically separable, yet act upon each other in such a way as to impair both.

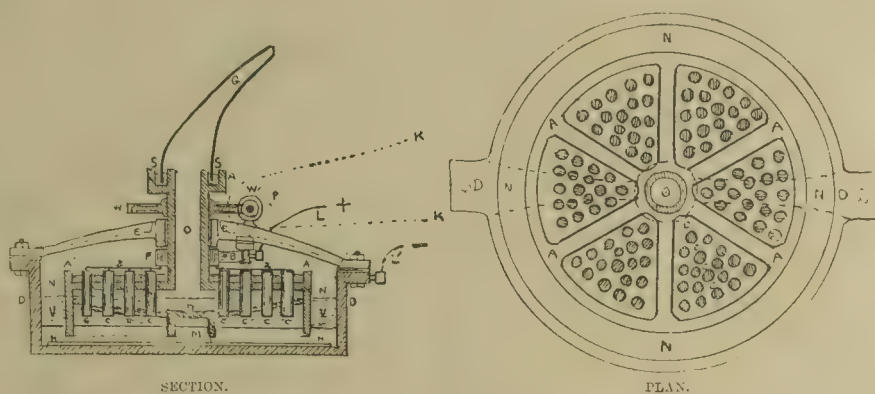
To obviate the disadvantage arising from the use of a diaphragm, there is only one method which up to the

Many plans have been adopted with the object of making an electrolytic cell not only efficient, but also capable of accomplishing a large amount of work per cell, and until the invention of the Rhodin cell, none up to the present time have succeeded in combining so few disadvantages with such capacity for work.

Besides the saving in products effected, only one-tenth of the space now required for chemical works is needed for Rhodin's cell; that is to say, works now requiring ten acres can treat the same amount of brine on one.

RHODIN'S PATENT ELECTROLYTICAL APPARATUS.

The cell itself is very simple. It consists of an outside



RHODIN'S PATENT ELECTROLYTIC CELL.

present moment has met with success, and this is the use of mercury. When the film or layer of mercury is made the negative pole, the sodium which is thrown down upon the surface of it immediately forms an amalgam with the mercury, and is therefore removed from the surface, which is always kept in an efficient and absorbent condition.

The sodium can then be extracted from the mercury either by the distillation of the mercury or by simply allowing the mercury to come in contact with water, when the sodium is extracted out of the mercury and forms a solution of caustic soda.

Mercury, being a liquid body, can easily be transferred from one portion of the cell to another, and lends itself very readily to the formation of a liquid and gas-tight seal which enables the cell to be separated conveniently into two different portions, the contents of which cannot mix with each other.

In addition to this, where mercury is used as a negative

vessel, DD. The revolution of this vessel is accomplished by means of a wheel, w, which works into a worm, w', and which is driven by a belt, KK, from any suitable source of power. The top of this cylindrical vessel is divided into six or more compartments, each of which is perforated by a number of holes through which carbon cylinders, cccccc, are inserted.

The action of the cell is exceedingly simple. The layer of mercury M forms a lute or seal with the downward projecting edges of the inner earthenware vessel A, so that when the inner vessel is filled with brine R, and the outer annular space XX is filled with pure water, no connection between the liquid contents of these two portions of the cell can possibly take place.

When the electric current passes through the cell the current passes from the lower end of the carbon cylinders to the surface of mercury M. The chlorine is given off at the surface of the carbon poles, and is carried away through the central tube o and the hood u to the bleaching-powder chambers. The sodium amalgam forms on the surface of the mercury in the inner portion of the vessel at the bottom surface of the brine, and passes partly by diffusion and partly by the mechanical agitation of the mercury, occasioned by the revolution of the inner vessel, to the outer annular space XX, where the layer of water VV extracts the sodium in the form of caustic soda.

The mechanical agitation is assisted by placing radiating vanes in the bottom of the containing-vessel, which are represented in the diagram at III, and these conduct the mercury to the outer edge of the vessel.

In actual working the iron containing-vessel DD is heated externally to such a temperature that the liquid contents of the cell are raised to a little short of boiling point, and this not only prevents the absorption of a large amount of chlorine in the brine, but also very much increases the efficiency of the water in taking out the caustic from the amalgam and reducing the electrical resistance of the liquid film between the lower surface of the carbon cylinders and the surface of mercury.

The results in the working of these cells leave no doubt in the minds of those who have witnessed the operations that they will be able to compete successfully with the older processes of the manufacture of chlorine and caustic, and will thus revolutionise a trade which is of growing importance.

The ease with which the cells can be examined and the parts renewed if necessary, the simplicity of action and accessibility of all parts for examination, render the cell eminently successful as a machine.

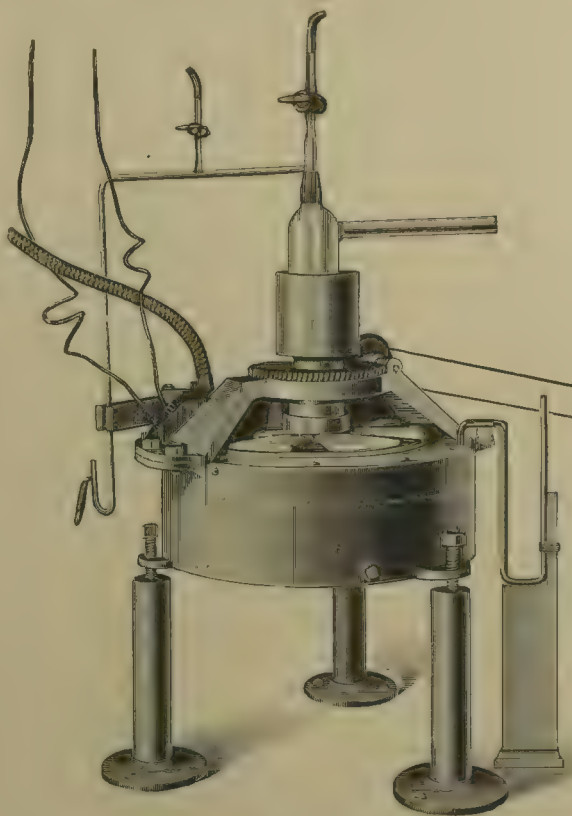
In addition to this, there is no liability to get out of order, as, with the simple exception of the revolving axis and the sliding electrical connector, there are no parts in motion.

There is practically no loss of mercury, and, as it is entirely under the surface of the liquids and never requires to be disturbed, and the hydrogen is given off on the inner surface of the iron containing-vessel, there is no mercury vapour found to be injurious to the workpeople. As the caustic only comes into contact with iron which is insoluble in it, the caustic liquor is perfectly pure, and can be

raised in density up to commercially thirty per cent. before it is drawn off, and this saves a large amount of fuel necessary for further concentrating it.

In the mechanical parts of the cell there is extreme simplicity, and therefore little wear and tear, and the whole can be easily superintended by ordinary workmen.

Taking all these features together, the cell presents a unique machine, and cannot fail if worked in this country to enable these large industries to hold their own against any foreign competition, and thus enable Great Britain to retain its supremacy in this great department of industry.



RHODIN'S PATENT ELECTROLYTICAL APPARATUS.

pole, the current of electricity has never to pass through the caustic solution when the two sides of the cell are separated, but only through the thin layer of brine which forms the space between the positive pole and the surface of mercury, the transference of the amalgam from the negative pole immediately opposite the carbons or positive poles, to the other side of the cell, where the sodium is to be removed by the water, being accomplished very simply by the natural diffusion of the sodium amalgam in the mercury itself or by some simple means of mechanical agitation.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

The ruling passion of this winter is, or rather will be, fur; and wherever the surface of our raiment doth offer slightest excuse of such adornment, there will mink, marten-tail, or, still more, sable, put in its cosy and comely appearance. From a mere bordering of the generally adopted collar and cuffs to an entire dress, fur will ring the changes on every form of frock and mantle. Ermine for lining opera-mantle or carriage-wrap. Caracul for the universal moujik, or those appliqué designs on cloth gowns, where it is wrought into very considerable smartness. Sable in every imaginable guise, from jaunty toque set forth with violets and pheasant-feathers to ball-gown borderings, where that queen of furs looks its becoming best. Marten-tail, once again in favour, figures largely in the fashionable muff as edging or "altogether." Sometimes the marten-head appears as a centrepiece, with a tail on each side. Double gathers of dark-hued velvet to match hat or gown appear at each side, and a bow with high coques sits up behind the mask. Heads and tails show, indeed, on most muffs that make for fashion so far, and I have even met one pretentious member of the family in sable which owned to no less than three of the former and six of the latter. One of the few outdoor uses of ermine is when it is employed as a narrow vest just—and only just—showing between the loose fronts of cloth of velvet jacket. Also as collarettes made in the bow-shape it is voted becoming, but there its privileges end. On six white-velvet gowned bridesmaids I saw it becomingly bestowed



A COSTUME OF DOVE-GRAY.

last week also, but ermine as a matter of fact is, and always must be, an exotic. As a mere matter of cuffs, collar, and muff, it is, however, an adjunct to be reckoned with. This ermine-decked blouse of sealskin, for instance, effectively bears out that argument. Here, too, we have the narrow vest rendered to the most modish admiration, jewelled buttons linked with chains to match connecting the dark brown epaulettes. If the unexpected is generally desirable in dress—given its suitability—then this collar and waistbelt of white kid deserve unmitigated *kudos*, for they are both one and the other. Smart buttons of green and white enamel, jewelled, fasten both. The hat, a white felt, with velvet crown and osprey of bright green, is uplifted to the only possible angle by bows of palest pink.

It is said that hats are gradually going out of use for bridesmaids—a change of style the milliners will not welcome. At several smart weddings at home and over the water, tiny flower-wreaths have been substituted lately, and the bridesmaids of Princess Friedrich von Liechtenstein, as a recent case in point, were certainly most successful in palest pink, with small rose wreaths in the hair, and shower bouquets to match. The wearing of hats on these occasions is modern and incongruous, and should only be adopted, properly speaking, by bridesmaids when the bride is herself in muff. Fur hats are a frequent vanity of the minute, but they are hot, unhygienic, and not invariably glorifying to the face beneath. They have been introduced as an accompaniment to the Russian blouse, and as a compromise between the native cap and the Gallic capote—one making for comfort and the other *chic*. It is all very well now, when furs of fine pedigree, like sable and chinchilla, are only used. But if it comes to Bunny and Tabby, as happened some dozen years back, when all the nation or its wife went hatted in dyed rabbit-skin, "the sidewalk effect," to quote Transatlantic opinion on another matter, points to a millinery mistake.

The last cry of fashion in evening gowns—and Mary Moore, in "The Liars," has been among the first to utter it here—calls on us to wear three distinct skirts: one of silk, another of mousseline de soie, and the third of gauze, shot chiffon, or other attractive and transparent material variously—their name is legion this season. The masterpiece of a Paris milliner dined at Prince's two evenings since, under fire of sincere but appreciative criticism. The first skirt, of pale pink silk, made quite plain, was covered by one of mousseline slightly deeper in tone, and flounced about the hem. The third skirt, of pink gauze, with a floral design in white floss silk, had three rows of little frills sewn on, each small flounce being edged with white satin bébé ribbon. A white satin ribbon sash, with fringed and embroidered ends, tied itself with grace at one side. Shoulder-knots of white and pink velvet geraniums finished the tale of a fascinating ball-gown. I hear of different colours being employed in this Triple Alliance with success, but reserve my opinion in favour of a cadence. Three greys or greens or rose tones would be difficult to improve on if well carried out in this manner. Beyond doubt the triple skirt will wax frequent as weeks draw on towards the dancing climax of December.

A function of any sort, whether pious, political, or sporting, has incidental values at the start of the season altogether apart from its original aims, for where many are assembled, there also will be the vying and passion of fashion, which is one of the reasons, I hear, that dress-makers give for going to church; and does not Brixton love to improve upon Belgravia, as seen in the Sunday Row? Sandown certainly supported the argument last week, for an outburst of millinery responded to the lead of wonderful weather, and few autumn meetings have been more completely equipped than this last in frocks and fine women. Miss FitzGeorge wore one of the successful black gowns; satin ribbon embroideries in Louis Quinze knots were skilfully present on pouched bodice and skirt. Princess Pless, in her favourite grey; and another lovely cloth gown in this shade with stitched bands and square sailor collar of chinchilla was surmounted by a hat of indigo chenille, well supplied with ospreys.

A dress of scarlet cloth, profusely frogged and braided, rose up and flew at my eyes, almost to the exclusion of Gaiety More, who was being weighed in at that moment. To a *chic* and charming little dove-grey girl standing by one turned with thankfulness—the method of her pouched bodice, corded and buttoned with grey, is shown here; velvet one tone deeper, edged epaulettes, fronts, and basque. A tiny winged toque, spangled and ospreyed, with nestling pink velvet roses, went well with wavy brown hair, that owed nothing to the hairdresser's machinations. Why, and still why, cannot we all curl naturally, and set the havoc of damp days at naught! More especially in the country, where one is forced to wander far from the curling-tongs at times. Apropos, a new invention which promises comforting things in this matter is by the way of being muff-warmer and curlers combined. One concealed in the other, which keeps it at frizzling heat, and makes a fringe toilet possible at any point of one's journeyings. It is a French idea, and worthy that motherland of emergencies.

Smart millinery is a great feature of the afternoon gatherings at Niagara, when every other head displays something desirable in fur and velvet. A pheasant muff, to go with a pink cloth skating-frock, was smart, and, still more, new—pheasants having rocketed themselves into fashion since the First. The toque of green miroir velvet, set haughtily on one side, had a well-curled bunch of pheasant tail feathers crowning its elevation. Fancy curling these unimpeachably straight-going quills! What next? Nature and the millinery imagination seldom make common cause.

Fascinating affairs indeed are the lace and ribbon cravats with which we are told to enliven our outdoor arrangements this winter. Skilfully tied jabots of ivory lace alone or supported with loops or rosettes or the smart coque in velvet or ribbon, touch up moujik or mantle with very certain success; nor can any costume be considered finished off at all points without the addition of some ivory lace worked up into those knots, cascades, or other disguises with which the *chic* Parisienne assists herself to such good purpose at present. Belts are a well-established extravagance, from the steel-clasped kid at a guinea or thereabouts up to the real thing encrusted with gems of price to which many well-bestowed women have treated themselves lately. One belt ordered from a Regent Street jeweller this week is to cost three thousand. The prospective wearer tells me she will have it "boiled down" when the fashion goes out. For such are the possibilities of twenty thousand a year!

Greatly do I dread the threatened visitation of three-quarter length jackets and cloaks which Paris mode-makers, ever sighing for new customers to conquer, will try to hang on our unwilling shoulders later in the season. Except for very tall women, three-quarter length coats are fatal to the inches. Nevertheless, my prejudices almost melted away before a Paquin coat of this particular length in sapphire velvet brocade, sable-bordered, jewel-belted, and lined with primrose satin; and yet another in black Lyons velvet, with revers, border, and wide collar of chinchilla,

supported by elaborate adjuncts of steel and jet embroider. In the matter of theatre-wraps, there is more to be said for the Kit-kat, which seems likely to replace the short cape of our tried affections. If not always smart, it is at all



A SEALSKIN BLOUSE.

times more useful. A sacque-backed three-quarter length theatre-coat of grey velvet with collar and wide revers of tightly curled ostrich-feather to match, lately brought back from Ostend as the *chef d'œuvre* of its mightiest milliner, answered the twin purposes of *chic* and comfort quite absolutely. SYBIL.

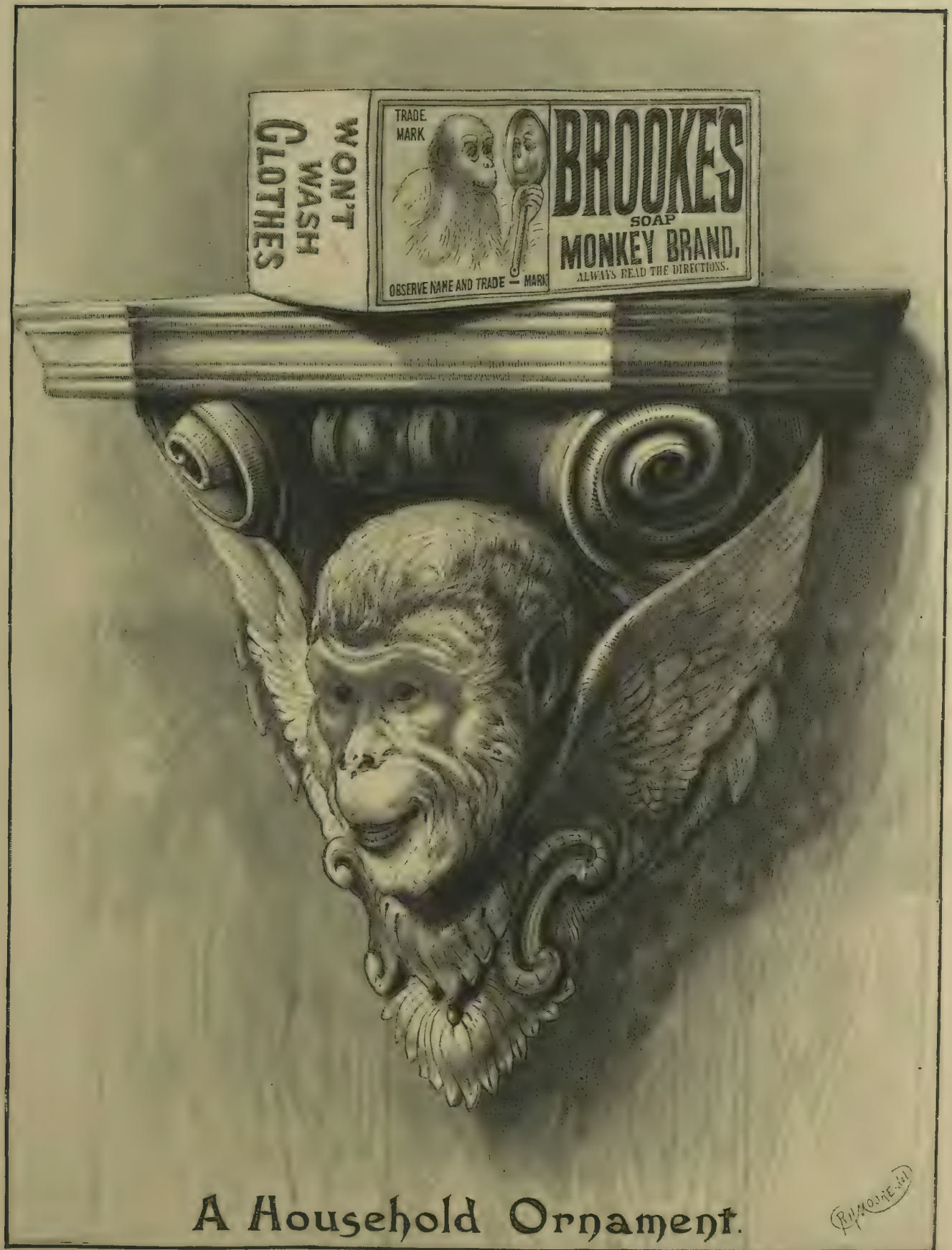
NOTES.

Royal recognition is justly given to the courage of women as nurses. To meet and fight infectious disease is perhaps on the whole as serious a danger as to go into active service on the battlefield. The Emperor of Germany has conferred on his sister, the Crown Princess of Greece, the "Order of Louise," which was founded as a reward for women for services in war. Our own Queen has gone back to Crimean times to find worthy objects for decoration, and is searching the records for the old ladies still alive who nursed the wounded forty years ago, in order that they may receive a tardy decoration; the latest nurse to be given "the Royal Red Cross" being Mrs. Hely, now resident at Ravenstone, Lincolnshire, who was one of Miss Nightingale's staff in 1854, and had entire charge of one hospital.

Messrs. Drew and Sons, of Piccadilly Circus, who are so noted for the excellent quality and finish of their dressing-bags and cases that they receive orders from the rich people of the whole world, have just completed a very fine bag for an American customer. Notwithstanding high duties and competition, it is interesting to find that the English work holds its own. The special feature of this bag is that the bottles are made entirely of solid silver, no glass being used, so as to avoid breakage in constant travel. The silver used for making the fittings was frosted and hammered, and the monogram, carved in solid 18-carat



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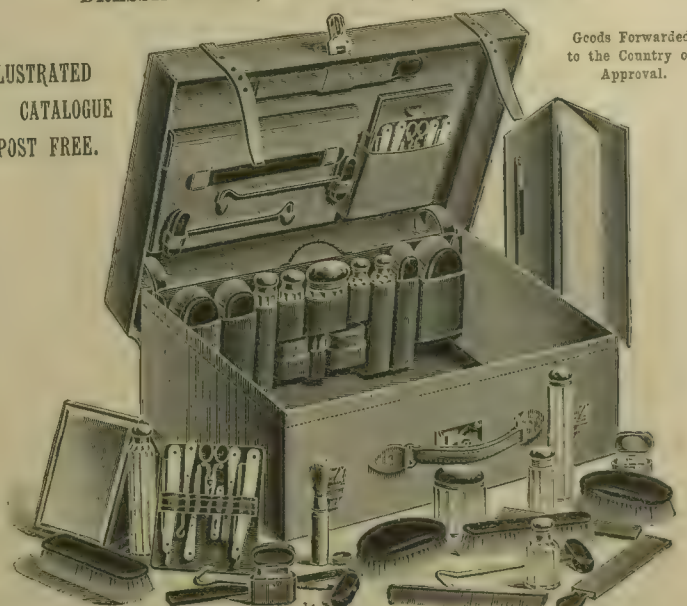
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the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate in England being £7170. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife, Mrs. Mary Louisa Potter, absolutely; but in the event of her dying in his lifetime then, upon trust, for all his children and their issue, except any children of his son James Brown Potter by Eva Urquhart Potter, born after Jan. 1, 1880. Sums advanced to his children in his lifetime are to be brought into account.

At the town of Windsor, Nova Scotia, a disastrous fire raged for two days last week, destroying nearly all the public buildings and hundreds of private dwellings, rendering three thousand people homeless and destitute.

A deplorable loss has befallen the 1st Battalion of the Shropshire Regiment, at Sitapur, in the North-West Provinces of India, by an outbreak of cholera, from which forty non-commissioned officers and private soldiers have died.

The new threepenny magazine, *Eureka*, for October, contains two capital cartoons, by Mr. Sime, of Mr. Forbes-Robertson as Hamlet, and of Mr. Tree "Hamletising." Its contents as a whole are varied and attractive.

ECCLIESIASTICAL NOTES.

At an interesting conference of mission clergy held lately at Kensington most of the speakers agreed to the necessity of a proper training, monastic, collegiate, or parochial, for missionaries. One speaker said that the missionary must have first a great deal of separation, and secondly a great deal of sternness.

The late Dean Vaughan robed for the last time that he might attend the Jubilee service in his own stall as Dean of Landaff.

The Bishop of New York has been saying that the last Lambeth Conference pushed Conservatism "almost to the verge of impotent timidity," a view of matters which is tolerably general. The series of platitudes issued as the result of the meetings no doubt did harm, but the consequences of voting might have been disagreeable.

Canon Gore has been laid up with low fever in America, but happily the latest accounts are favourable.

There is great feeling in Liskeard against the judgment of the Chancellor of the diocese on the petition of a faculty for rebuilding the church tower. The Chancellor has refused to grant a faculty, and the parishioners are bitterly

disappointed. One gentleman said that the Chancellor had tried to do his duty, and had signally failed; but he gave him credit for good intentions.

It is stated that the letters which from time to time appeared in prominent type in the *Times* bearing the signature, "A London Clergyman," were written by the late Dean Vaughan. A High Church writer says: "These contributions were, as might be expected, graceful in diction and moderate in counsel. He even seemed to take for granted what in the jargon of ecclesiastical partisanship would be called the Low Broad position."

Interesting glimpses of the late Archbishop Benson are given in the *Quarterly Review*. It is curious, by the way, to see how personal the quarterlies are getting to be, and how the present tendency of journalism and magazinism is showing itself even in these backwaters. The Archbishop seems, like so many people, to have worked too hard. He spent his evenings reading and studying, especially in connection with his book on Cyprian, which has since been printed, and has scarcely justified the labour bestowed upon it. He used to sit up till the small hours of the morning, accustoming himself to a very short night's rest, and during the last year or two of his life suffering

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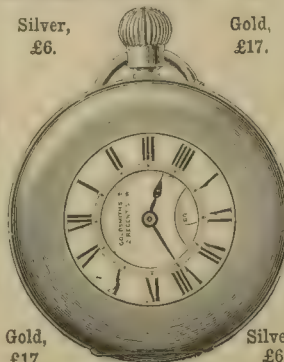
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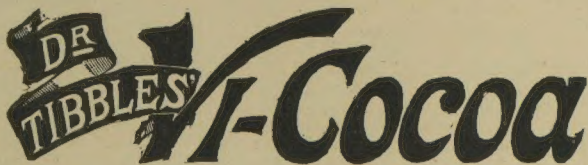
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"We are, yours sincerely,
"WILLIAM MONRO and HERBERT GILL."

PARENTS, THEIR CHILDREN,

AND



The above testimony simply confirms what has been often repeated in these columns—viz., that no matter whether physical or mental labour is meant, or even if, as is too often the case in these days of fierce struggle for existence, an excess of either has to be accomplished, Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa will prove of inestimable service. The jadedness and tiredness which characterises thousands of young men and women of the present day too often resolves itself into a question of diet. Children and young persons do not require so much food as nourishment, and a partially digested Food Beverage, such as Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, gives strength, stamina, and builds up and strengthens the tissues. The disinclination for further effort and exertion so often experienced will become a thing of the past, and heat in summer, cold in winter, and all the bleak uncertainties of our trying climate can be faced with Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, which has concentrated powers of nutriment, and imparts stamina and staying powers, adds to powers of endurance, and enables those who use it to undergo greater physical exertion and fatigue.

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the penalty of sleeplessness. When he found his chaplains, however, going late to bed, he used to reproach them with what he called the "lust of finishing."

The Bishop of Adelaide, formerly chaplain to Bishop Lightfoot and editor of his posthumous works, is now in England.

Canon Scott Holland is delivering a course of lectures to men, at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Fridays, entitled "Studies in Gospel Characters." A subscription of a shilling is charged for the course.

The new and concluding volume of Dr. Pusey's Life shows that the friendship of forty years between him and Mr. Gladstone was broken owing to Mr. Gladstone's selection of Dr. Temple for the See of Exeter. The event that most affected him in all his life, next to his wife's death, was the death of Keble. With Newman he kept up a correspondence to the end.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

If there had been no "Mrs. Tanqueray" and no Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mr. R. C. Carton's new play, "The Tree of Knowledge," produced at the St. James's Theatre on Oct. 25, might have justified the playbill's descriptive epithet, and Miss Julia Neilson might have thrilled a crowded house. Mr. Carton's work has been seriously handicapped by Mr. Pinero. Indeed, Mr. Alexander had better have stuck to the lighter material of his bill since the memorable 1893, than have returned to the fare of that date with a play less strong than "Mrs. Tanqueray." For "The Tree of Knowledge," conceived on similar lines to Mr. Pinero's great play, falls far short of it in point of sincerity as a thesis or unity as a drama. It is in the main the story of a woman infinitely worse than the Scarlet Woman, for Belle makes man after man her slave on the basis of a seeming attachment, and throws them off as

ruthlessly as the woman who plays the part for mere money's sake. Nigel Stanyon, the only son of a doting widowed mother in a quiet country village, having gone abroad after his blameless career at Cambridge, is ensnared by the woman and then cast aside. We are left in the dark as to whether he still cares for her when the play begins, or whether he really loves the charming girl, Monica, his mother has adopted. Of course, Belle comes into his life again by marrying his dearest friend, Brian Hollingworth; and, of course, she plays the old game, throwing up her husband when disaster overtakes his family. Nigel tries to save the situation by preventing her from bolting with the rich and cynical Mr. Ronpell—only to be repudiated by Brian, who, at last, is dragged by the woman so that she may get away with Ronpell. The association between the latter is of the most brutal and cynical type, and ought to end the play on the note of irony in which it is conceived. But a fifth act is added to show us Nigel's proposal to Monica, after she has refused



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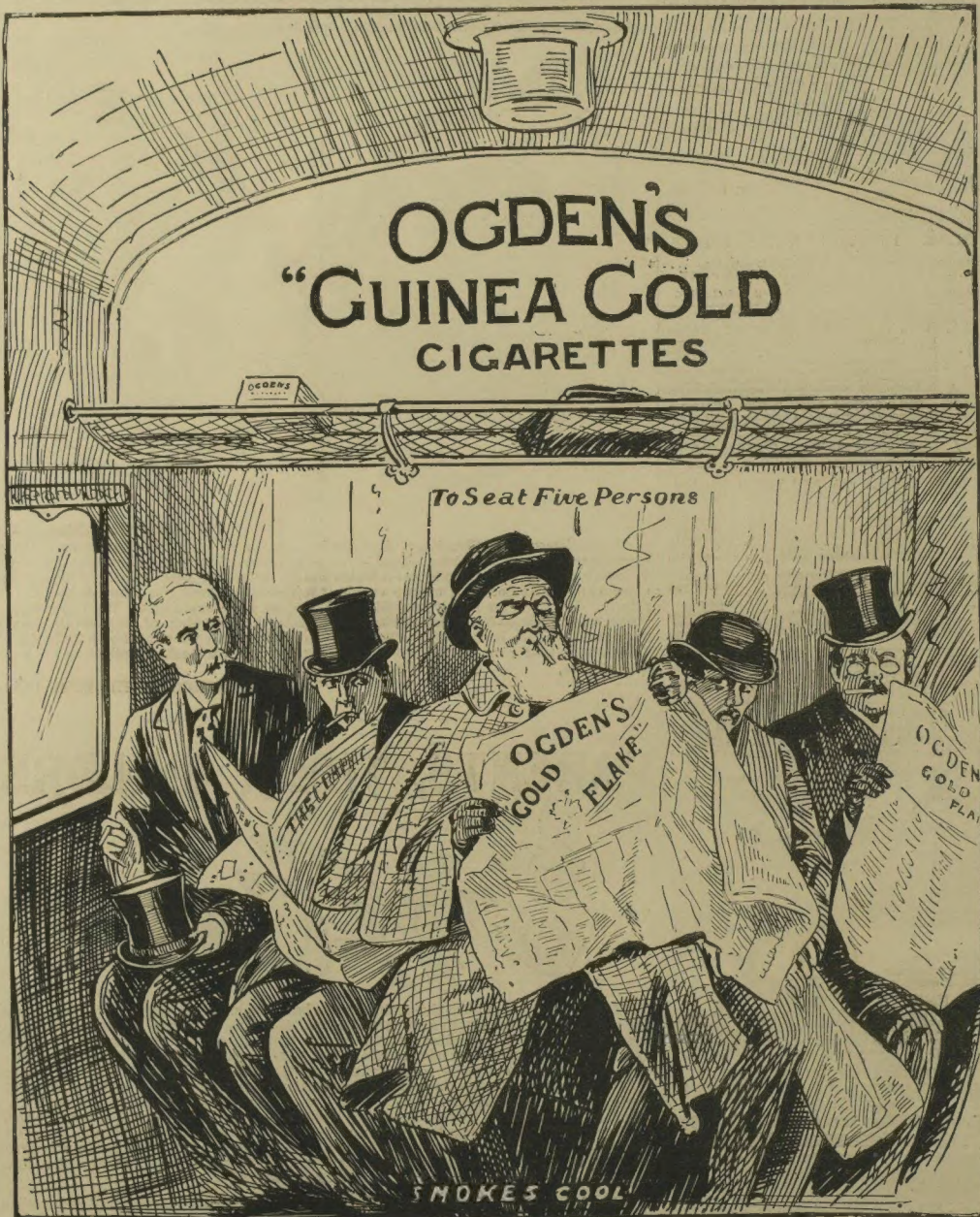


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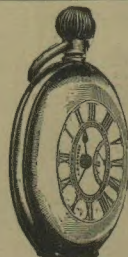
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an elderly, kind-hearted Major, who has meandered through the play by way of comedy relief. That he is always welcome, though entirely superfluous, only shows how Mr. Carton's sentimentalism excels his realism. By far the most cleverly thought-out character in the play is Roupell, although he retains too many traces of that melodramatic period in Mr. Carton's career which gave us "The Pointsman." The Major, charmingly acted by Mr. H. V. Esmond, must have lived in the era of Mr. Todman, the Bloomsbury bookseller of "Liberty Hall"; Monica, delightfully played by Miss Fay Davis, is a bit of "Sunlight and Shadow," while Belle is a bit of Tanquerayism, emphasised by the extraordinary imitation of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's mannerisms which Miss Neilson has recently adopted. Does Mr. Alexander really believe in Nigel Stanyon? At no point does he thrill us; there are many places where he

ceases to interest us. Mr. H. B. Irving is excellent as the cynic, but his mannerism tends even to dehumanise a part that is cynical at the best. Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. W. H. Vernon, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Mr. George Shelton, as a disreputable gardener, complete the cast of a play that (to put it plainly) is not Mr. Carton's masterpiece.

"THE FANATIC," AT THE STRAND.

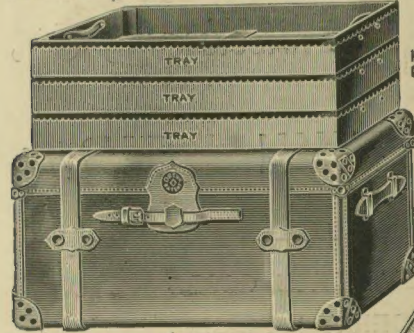
Mr. John T. Day followed "The Purser" with a comedy of more serious import, entitled "The Fanatic," but it failed to fill the Strand Theatre more than four nights. It is a comedy of the clash of temperaments radically different, linked together by the indissoluble bond of wedlock in an unsatisfactory way. Isaiah Baxter, M.P., teetotaler, vegetarian, and universal crank, in his mature widowhood marries a young girl, apparently from philanthropic motives. Everything that could make her life happy he tabooed,

because what for her is happiness is to him only wickedness. That is enough to estrange her; but the breach is widened by the appearance of her old lover, Dr. Stirling, who nurses her when she is pining under the rigorous régime of her husband's creed. She is on the point of running off with the doctor when she is saved by another old lover, her husband's secretary. That, in merest outline, is the play. There is an idea in it—there is characterisation—notably a Scotch distiller (realistically played by Mr. Lesly Thomson, who is a Scot by birth) and an American adventurer, humorously pictured by Mr. Stuart Champion. It is neatly written, it is conceived at certain critical moments with refreshing reticence, and, more than all that, it is full of promise of better things, and yet it failed. Mr. Nye Chart, Mr. J. G. Grahame, Mr. Gurney, Miss Kate Phillips, and Miss Fordyce gave it their best services.

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